

JAMES W. CALHOUN AND THE NEVADA STATE MUSEUM

Interviewee: James W. Calhoun

Interviewed: 1986

Published: 1987

Interviewer: R. T. King

UNOHP Catalog #138

Description

James W. Calhoun was born in Philipsburg, Montana, in 1903. His oral history outlines the development of the Nevada State Museum, of which he was director from 1950 to 1973. The museum was founded in 1939, when the Nevada legislature passed a bill allocating funds for the purchase of the old United States Carson City Mint building from the federal government. It took two years to remodel and renovate the structure. On October 31, 1941, the Nevada State Museum finally opened its doors to the public.

In 1948, its founder, Judge Clark J. Guild, and William Donovan, a museum board member, pushed to have a replica of a mine built in the basement of the museum. Major Max C. Fleischmann agreed to finance the project with a gift of \$50,000.

In 1948 Director Tony Green hired Jim Calhoun to build display cases for a new gun room. He also had Calhoun construct cages for animals in the children's zoo, which was located alongside the museum. By April 1950, problems over the construction of the mine and the development of the zoo led to the resignation of Tony Green. The board of trustees asked Jim Calhoun if he could complete the mine with the money remaining and have the exhibit ready by Nevada Day, 1950. Calhoun accepted the challenge, and the board appointed him supervisor, temporarily in charge of the museum. By the next board meeting Jim Calhoun had made such progress that the board gave him the go ahead to work on various other exhibits. The mine opened on schedule on October 31, 1950. Some six thousand people went through the new exhibit that day.

Jim Calhoun was made full director of the museum in August 1951. It was a position he would hold for the next twenty-two years. He was an active director, who did a little bit of everything. He constructed display cases, designed exhibits, participated in archaeological digs, and roughed out plans for the Guild Annex, in addition to his daily administrative duties. During his tenure the museum made great strides forward. Under his leadership, the department of natural history in 1953, and the department of anthropology in 1959, came into existence. In the 1950s a mobile museum was created to tour the state's school system. The Nevada State Museum was one of the first state museums to initiate a mobile unit program. Under Calhoun's direction the museum's focus changed from that of an institution interested only in displaying historic relics to one interested in research and in educating the public.

Calhoun discusses his working relationship with Judge Guild: Guild handled political affairs and fundraising, and Calhoun took care of museum operations. Under Calhoun's direction the museum gained national recognition. In 1972, it was accredited by the prestigious American Association of museums, officially establishing it as a professional institution of the highest quality. The board of trustees honored Jim Calhoun for his loyalty, hard work and devotion to the museum by naming the new wing the James W. Calhoun Annex.

(Continued on next page.)

Description (continued)

When Calhoun retired in 1973, Governor Mike O'Callaghan made a special visit to the museum to pay his personal respects. The governor praised Calhoun for his personal role in the development of the museum.

The legacy of Jim Calhoun is still present today at the museum. The mine is considered the best exhibit in the museum and one of the finest of its kind in the nation. Many of the displays that Jim Calhoun had a hand in planning are still an important part of the museum: the bird and mammal galleries, the paleontology gallery, the Indian camp scene and the history gallery. The museum owes a great deal to this man.

JAMES W. CALHOUN
AND THE NEVADA STATE MUSEUM

**JAMES W. CALHOUN
AND THE NEVADA STATE MUSEUM**

MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM THE
NEVADA DEPARTMENT OF MUSEUMS AND HISTORY

An Oral History Conducted by R.T. King
Edited by R.T. King

University of Nevada Oral History Program

Copyright 1987
University of Nevada Oral History Program
Mail Stop 0324
Reno, Nevada 89557
unohp@unr.edu
<http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory>

All rights reserved. Published 1987.
Printed in the United States of America

Publication Staff:
Director: R.T. King
Program Coordinators: Cynthia Bassett Shelley Chase
Text Production: Linda Sommer, Kay Stone

University of Nevada Oral History Program Use Policy

All UNOHP interviews are copyrighted materials. They may be downloaded and/or printed for personal reference and educational use, but not republished or sold. Under “fair use” standards, excerpts of up to 1000 words may be quoted for publication without UNOHP permission as long as the use is non-commercial and materials are properly cited. The citation should include the title of the work, the name of the person or people interviewed, the date of publication or production, and the fact that the work was published or produced by the University of Nevada Oral History Program (and collaborating institutions, when applicable). Requests for permission to quote for other publication, or to use any photos found within the transcripts, should be addressed to the UNOHP, Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, Reno, NV 89557-0324. Original recordings of most UNOHP interviews are available for research purposes upon request.

CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Original Preface	xi
Introduction	xiii
1. Growing Up in a Montana Mining Town	1
2. Adventures Above and Below the Ground	11
3. Marriage, Family and the Decision to Move to Nevada	19
4. Virginia City, 1943-1945	27
5. Settling in Carson City	33
6. Building the Mine Exhibit and Becoming Museum Director	41
7. The Development of Research and Teaching Missions	53
Winnemucca Lake Caves	
An Emerging Operational Philosophy	
The Mobile Museum	
Recruiting Benefactors	
Collecting Nevada Wildlife Specimens	
Excavations at Lost City	

Establishing the Archaeology Department	
Space Shortages and the Guild Annex	
Falcon Hill, Lahontan Lake Levels and a Severe Injury	
The Tule Springs Dig	
Finance and Staffing Problems	
Pot Hunters at Pyramid Lake	
 8. Building a Core of Exhibits	 73
Collection and Exhibit Policies and the Historical Room	
Dat-so-la-lee Baskets	
The V & T Room	
The Gun Room	
The Mammal and Bird Rooms	
The Paleontology Room	
A Memorial to Senator McCarran	
Coin Press No. 5 and the Mint Room	
The State Seal and a Moon Rock	
U.S.S. Nevada Silver	
An Indian Encampment	
 9. Expansion and Consolidation, 1962-1972	 83
Vandalism	
Efforts in Las Vegas	
Renewed Space Shortages and the Calhoun Annex	
An Expanding Educational Mission	
No Support From Casinos	
Acquiring V & T Rolling Stock	
AAM Accreditation	
 10. Judge Guild, Major Fleischmann, and Other Trustees and Staff	 91
Clark J. Guild	
Max C. Fleischmann	
Some Influential Trustees	
Memories of a Few of the Staff	
 11. The Decision to Retire and a Succession of Directors	 107
 Photographs	 113
 Appendix: The Truman-Orr Foundation	 117
 Original Index: For Reference Only	 119

PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

ORIGINAL PREFACE

The University of Nevada Oral History Program (OHP) engages in systematic interviewing of persons who can provide firsthand descriptions of events, people and places that give history its substance. The products of this research are the tapes of the interviews and their transcriptions.

In themselves, oral history interviews are not history. However, they often contain valuable primary source material, as useful in the process of historiography as the written sources to which historians have customarily turned. Verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the OHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, but it cannot attest that they are free of error. Accordingly, oral histories should be read with the same prudence that the reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries and other sources of historical information.

It is the policy of the OHP to produce transcripts that are as close to verbatim as

possible, but some alteration of the text is generally both unavoidable and desirable.

When human speech is captured in print the result can be a morass of tangled syntax, false starts and incomplete sentences, sometimes verging on incoherency. The type font contains no symbols for the physical gestures and the diverse vocal modulations that are integral parts of communication through speech. Experience shows that totally verbatim transcripts are often largely unreadable and therefore a waste of the resources expended in their production. While keeping alterations to a minimum the OHP will, in preparing a text:

- a. generally delete false starts, redundancies and the uhs, ahs and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled;

- b. occasionally compress language that would be confusing to the reader in unaltered form;

- c. rarely shift a portion of a transcript to place it in its proper context; and

- d. enclose in [brackets] explanatory information or words that were not uttered

but have been added to render the text intelligible.

There will be readers who prefer to take their oral history straight, without even the minimal editing that occurred in the production of this text; they are directed to the tape recording.

Copies of all or part of this work and the tape recording from which it is derived are available from:

The University of Nevada
Oral History Program
Mailstop 0324
University of Nevada, Reno 89557
(775) 784-6932

INTRODUCTION

In 1989 the Nevada State Museum will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. It is important for cultural institutions to gather and preserve their history. Toward this purpose the board of trustees for the Nevada Department of Museums and History voted to fund 2 oral histories. The oral history of James W. Calhoun, director of the Nevada State Museum from 1950-1973, was chosen to initiate this project with the Oral History Program of the University of Nevada Reno. This oral history has added greatly to our knowledge of the development of the Nevada State Museum.

The museum was founded in 1939, when the Nevada legislature passed a bill allotting funds for the purchase of the old United States Carson City Mint building from the federal government. It took 2 years to remodel and renovate the structure. On October 31, 1941, the Nevada State Museum finally opened its doors to the public.

In 1948, its founder Judge Clark S. Guild and William Donovan, a museum board member, pushed to have a replica of a mine

built in the basement of the museum. Major Max C. Fleischmann agreed to finance the project with a gift of \$50,000.

In 1948 Director Tony Green hired Jim Calhoun to build display cases for a new gun room. He also had Jim construct cages for animals in the children's zoo, which was located alongside the museum. By April 1950, problems over the construction of the mine and the development of the zoo led to the resignation of Tony Green. The board of trustees asked Jim Calhoun if he could complete the mine with the money remaining and have the exhibit ready by Nevada Day, 1950. Jim accepted the challenge, and the board appointed him supervisor, temporarily in charge of the museum. By the next board meeting Jim had made such progress that the board gave him the go ahead to work on various other exhibits. The mine opened on schedule on October 31, 1950. Some 6,000 people went through the new exhibit that day.

Jim Calhoun was made full director of the museum in August 1951. It was a position he would hold for the next 22 years.

Jim was an active director, who did a little bit of everything. He constructed display cases, designed exhibits, participated in archaeological digs, and roughed out plans for the Guild Annex, in addition to his daily administrative duties. It was during his tenure that the museum made such great strides forward. Under his leadership the department of natural history in 1953, and the department of anthropology in 1959 came into existence. In the 1950s a mobile museum was created to tour the state's school system. The Nevada State Museum was one of the first state museums to initiate a mobile unit program. Under Calhoun's direction the museum's focus changed from an institution interested only in displaying historic relics to one interested in research and in educating the public. This oral history also provides insight into how Judge Clark 3. Guild, the museum's founder and long-time chairman of the board of trustees, established a solid working relationship with Calhoun, with Guild handling fund raising and political affairs, while Jim took care of the functional operations of the museum. Both men had a vision of what the museum should be, and these blended to give us what it is today. The team stayed intact until the death of the judge in 1971.

Under Calhoun's direction the museum gained national recognition. In 1972, the Nevada State Museum was accredited by the prestigious American Association of Museums, an act officially establishing it as a professional institution of the highest quality. Prior to his retirement, the board of trustees honored Jim Calhoun for his loyalty, hard work and devotion to the museum by naming the new wing the James W. Calhoun Annex. When he retired in 1973, the governor of Nevada, Mike O'Callaghan, made a special visit to the museum to pay

his personal respects. Governor O'Callaghan praised Calhoun for "his personal role in the development of this fine institution," and remarked that few employees of the state of Nevada can look back on as full and rewarding a career as yours has been."

Some 14 years after his retirement the legacy of Jim Calhoun is still present today at the museum. The mine is still considered the best exhibit in the museum and one of the finest of its kind in the nation. Many of the displays that Jim Calhoun had a hand in planning are still an important part of the museum. These include the bird and mammals galleries, the paleontology gallery, the Indian camp scene and the history gallery. The museum owes a great debt to this man, and this oral history is an opportunity to note for the historical record the accomplishments of James W. Calhoun.

Robert A. Nylén
Acquisitions Registrar
Nevada State Museum
April 7, 1987



JAMES W. CALHOUN

1970

GROWING UP IN A MONTANA MINING TOWN

James W. Calhoun: I was born in Philipsburg, Montana on November 6, 1903. My mother's maiden name was Margaret Hickey and my father was William B. Calhoun. His father had come from Salt Lake City to Marysville, Montana and run a freighting outfit. My mother was born in Philipsburg, but why Dad came there, I don't know.

My father's mother, Sara Powell, had come over from Wales and landed in New York before there was an Ellis Island. She came across the plains in a covered wagon to Salt Lake. I think her family had been converted to Mormonism in Wales. And my grandfather came from Scotland over to Canada, then down to New York and over to Salt Lake. He had a store in Salt Lake City. Granny claimed that she was slated for Brigham Young's Bee Hive and didn't want that. But I don't know whether that was why they left Salt Lake, or because James Calhoun was not a Mormon and didn't get any trade in his store. They went by wagon to Marysville, Montana, where a big gold boom was on,

and he started up a freighting outfit there and run that. I suppose that they moved to Philipsburg on account of the big mines and mills running up at Granite.

My mother's mother was married to a Williams. They came across in a covered wagon and stopped in Gold Hill, Nevada for a little bit and then went on to Philipsburg, Montana. You see, the big silver mines at Granite—which is 4 miles from Philipsburg, up in the hills—were running at the same time as this Comstock up here. So there was lots of people went up there. Anyway, I don't know what happened to Williams. I guess he died, and my grandmother married James Hickey then. That's when my mother and her 3 brothers were born in Philipsburg.

R. T. King: I would like you to think back and tell me the things you remember most about your mother and father.

Well, my father wasn't a very tall fellow, but a very good worker and real ambitious. I imagine he graduated from high school,

but I'm not sure. He didn't go to college; I'm pretty sure of that. He was probably kind of adventurous, because during the Spanish-American War he rode a horse 80 miles to Missoula to enlist. Uncle John claimed he almost killed the horse getting there, because the train was coming through from the coast and he had to make it. He went to Georgia and trained there.

My father earned his living as a mill electrician first. He took a correspondence course in electricity, and was an electrician at the Bi-Metallic mill. Later he worked at a grocery store, where he took orders in the morning and delivered in the afternoon. He got to know lots of people, eventually ran for office as a Republican, was elected clerk of the district court and held the job for 12 years. And then after that, in the middle 1920s, they went to Seattle and bought a grocery store there and run that.

Why would your mother and father have left Philipsburg?

Well, there just wasn't much more there. Philipsburg was one of those up and down mining towns, you know—boom and bust. Of course, things were pretty slow there—no mines running [in the 1920s]. There wasn't much to do there, and they decided to try their hand at the grocery business because he had worked in it. So they went to Seattle and bought this little family grocery store, out in the west end of Seattle, I think it was.

With his clerk of the court experience, my father worked down at the courthouse in Seattle doing research for title companies and so forth, where they give you a title search when you buy property and things like that. He worked there for a long time—all the time until he finally got sick. I think

he had cancer. I'm not sure. He had to go to the veterans hospital in Seattle, and he died there in 1948.

If your father worked in the courthouse researching titles for real estate companies, that must have meant that your mother ran the store.

Pretty much so, yes. He took it in the evenings, and Saturday and Sunday he worked there. Mother, I guess, run it pretty much. They had quite a time through the Depression, I know, people wanting credit, and they gave lots of credit. It was pretty hard on them carrying people. [laughter] Once they even took in a slot machine as payment; they had it in the bedroom. But they made out all right on it.

What was your mother like?

Well, she was a typical Irish girl, I guess... black hair. She was a housewife for years. And then when Dad got to be clerk of the court, for a while there toward the last term of his clerk of the court deal, I think she worked at the courthouse as his secretary. And then, of course, she learned the grocery business after they got to Seattle—managed that. I never did find out for sure how far she went in school, but she must have had a high school education. She was competent enough in arithmetic and everything like that.

Within most families one of the partners is dominant. [laughter] They know it, usually, and everybody in the family knows it as well. Looking back on the relationship between your mother and father, which one of them would you say had been the strongest personality in the family?

Well, I don't know. Dad was at first, but toward the later years I would say Mother was.

I think the change from Philipsburg was established by Mother. She wanted to leave there, because there really wasn't much there for her with kids...anything. I had one sister, a year and a half younger than me, and she went with them to Seattle. We had some close friends there by the name of Knatz that had moved down there, and with Mother corresponding with Mrs. Knatz all the time.... well, I think that was one of the things that persuaded them to go to Seattle.

You went to high school in Philipsburg?

Yes. I went through the 12 grades—graduated from high school in 1921.

Were there any teachers you had who had a strong influence over either your education or what you hoped to be when you grew up?

No, not particularly. The English teacher had trouble with me because I wasn't too interested in all that breaking down sentences and so forth! The Latin teacher had trouble with me because I'd take my books home at night and lay them on Mother's sewing machine and pick up them in the morning. I didn't do too well in Latin. I was kind of interested in physics, chemistry and the manual training courses in the shops there, of course. But my school deal was not too outstanding. [laughter]

I think I just squeaked by mostly in all of my courses. [laughter] The only one that I had any trouble with was in manual training once, and that was only a half-year deal. I was trying to make a piano bench and had a wide piece of pine about 16 inches wide, I think, and I was trying to plane that to get it

smooth. I planed and planed and planed till the board was getting quite thin [laughter] and couldn't get it smooth. So he flunked me on that semester!

You later went on to become very handy, though, didn't you?

Oh, yes. I didn't have any trouble after I got out working; everything seemed to come pretty easy on anything to do with my hands. In fact, I never did get fired from any job, even though I didn't know anything about it when I'd go to work on it. Somebody'd help me out on it and I'd learn it and get by all right.

Did you belong to any clubs in school?

No. I don't remember any clubs much; I don't remember if we had any clubs much in school there. About the only big events was the junior prom and graduation, and they didn't have any big ceremonies for graduating from grade school or anything like they do nowadays.

What sort of reading did you do outside of the school work that was assigned to you? Can you recall any favorite books or types of reading that you did?

Yes, Zane Grey. [laughter] I don't particularly remember anything else much.

Did Philipsburg have a newspaper?

Yes, the Philipsburg Mail.

Can you remember what sort of editorial views the Philipsburg paper may have had?

No, I never did even read it very much.

You were old enough, when the First World War broke out to remember what your family's position may have been concerning that, Of course, throughout the country there was a great deal of division over whether the United States should be in that war or not.

Oh, Philipsburg was real patriotic for the First World War, had lots of volunteers— young fellows from there. My uncle Ed volunteered and went over to France; was in the Medical Corps over there. He came back all right. He got gassed once, I think, and had trouble with that all the time. I remember some of the younger miners being all “het up” about the thing and getting after some of the old Germans there that they thought were supporting the Kaiser. And there was considerable donations to the iron drives, you know—gathering up iron and one thing and another like that.

Were there many Germans living in the area?

Yes, there was quite a few Germans and Italians, some Finns, some Austrians in the mines. The immigrants come over and worked in the mines a lot in those days, so there was quite a few Germans there, but none of them that were very adamant about Germany or the Kaiser or anything like that. I just remember that there was an incident or two with somebody that they thought was supporting the Kaiser. I don't know whether they really were or not, but....

Did your house have a library? Did your mother and father have books?

Some but not to any great extent.

Did you have any other interests, such as art or sports or anything like that? Music?

No. I've tried different things. Oh, when we were young we used to go in a vacant area down below our house and play kick-the-can and a lot of games like that—hide-and-seek and so forth. I did try out for basketball in high school, but didn't make it on that, so I didn't do any more about basketball. Most of my interest, when I wasn't in school, was with horses and riding and one thing and another when we got big enough. My uncles always had the horses in the fields alongside our house there—a 9-acre field where they put the horses when they come from the ranch to take them to the railroad and then vice versa.

My uncles in Philipsburg were my mother's brothers. Uncle Jim run the ranch with his family. John wasn't married, and John did all the traveling to the big sales at Miles City, Montana and Grand Island, Nebraska, buying up horses and shipping them. He would take them out to the ranch, run them on the range, break some of them so they'd be more valuable, and then bring them back in, load them on the trains and take them to these sales. And that's where I usually spent most of my summers when I was big enough to kind of help with the chores. Then I led the derrick horse, putting up wild hay and various things like that until I was big enough to take part in the riding and herding of the horses, and finally, roundup from the range. See, they had 6 sections of land under fence, and then all the open range was outside of that that they used, too.

I used to do quite a bit of fishing in different times of the year, and then hunting. I always went hunting deer in the fall. In those days, a lot of people depended on deer for winter meat; of course, you were only allowed one buck. We used to go out, and there was a ranch down Rock Creek where we could rent a cabin and hunt. We'd stay out about a week or so. We'd get what we could in the way of bucks

or dry does, hang them up back in the timber, and then finally we'd make a midnight trip to town and hang the deer in the various garages and so forth. Then we'd go back out and hunt for our legal buck, and then come in with the bucks all strung over...the cars all had fenders in those days, you know—running boards. So we'd come in with our legal limit of deer, but most everybody'd have at least 2 deer to start out the winter with. Of course, when I was on that Forest Service job, I used to fish the lakes out in the mountains, and once in a while take a grouse and supplement my canned food. [laughter]

When you were hunting as a boy, who did you go with?

I hunted with Dad a little bit for a while. He wasn't too much of a hunter, but he did go a few times with me. And then after that it was going with my friends all the time. We did a lot of fishing at different times, and in the wintertime we'd go up to Georgetown Lake and cut holes and fish through the ice and things like that.

How old were you when you got your first rifle?

I had .22s first, and I don't know how old I was then.

That's usually a pretty big event in a boy's life....

Yes. In those days they thought nothing of the youngsters having guns. Everybody learned how to use them, and I can't remember any accidents or anything much. And then later when I was riding all the time, why, you always carried a six-shooter with you—not particularly for any protecting yourself or anything, but there was always a chance that your horse would break a leg, or something'd

happen and you'd have to shoot your horse. It was just common practice to carry a six-shooter on you.

Can you remember anything about social life that was available to teenagers or to kids in Philipsburg?

Yes. There was a movie. I can remember the first movies when they had a movie house that was just plain benches with no backs on them or anything. We just sat. The kids would all go and watch these serials, all these adventures. And they had some cartoons, of course. It cost 5¢ to get in. Later there was a big opera house in Philipsburg, where you had good seats and a regular movie house. And then, of course, there was a dance once in a while in high school.

We used to ice skate. There was a pond about a half mile from Philipsburg where we used to ice skate a lot in the winter...sled riding. See, Philipsburg is built on 2 sides of a gulch, and the main street runs up the gulch. So on one side of town we could bobsled down one of the streets to the main street. They used to have some big bobsleds that about 8 or 9 people could ride on. And then, Granite, where the big silver mines were in the early days, was about 4 miles from Philipsburg up in the mountains on a winding road like the one you would take to Virginia City from here, you know, only much steeper. So they used to go up to Granite with the bobsleds and ride those bobsleds down that winding road! It was quite a feat. The fellow doing the steering on it had to be real good. The ones on the back of the thing helped with the steering, you know, and around the bends, why, they're putting their feet out and slowing it some, and there was always a brake on them, too. One guy run the brake that put a deal down to slow you down. You'd only get one ride about in an

evening, because it took a long time to get up that 4 miles, you know; not too long coming down, of course, but....

Can you remember anything about social life that was available to teenagers or to kids in Philipsburg?

Yes. There was a movie. I can remember the first movies when they had a movie house that was just plain benches with no backs on them or anything. We just sat. The kids would all go and watch these serials, all these adventures. And they had some cartoons, of course. It cost 5% to get in. Later there was a big opera house in Philipsburg, where you had good seats and a regular movie house. And then, of course, there was a dance once in a while in high school.

We used to ice skate. There was a pond about a half mile from Philipsburg where we used to ice skate a lot in the winter...sled riding. See, Philipsburg is built on 2 sides of a gulch, and the main street runs up the gulch. So on one side of town we could bobsled down one of the streets to the main street. They used to have some big bobsleds that about 8 or 9 people could ride on. And then, Granite, where the big silver mines were in the early days, was about 4 miles from Philipsburg up in the mountains on a winding road like the one you would take to Virginia City from here, you know, only much steeper. So they used to go up to Granite with the bobsleds and ride those bobsleds down that winding road! It was quite a feat. The fellow doing the steering on it had to be real good. The ones on the back of the thing helped with the steering, you know, and around the bends, why, they're putting their feet out and slowing it some, and there was always a brake on them, too. One guy run the brake that put a deal down to slow you down. You'd only get one ride about in an

evening, because it took a long time to get up that 4 miles, you know; not too long coming down, of course, but....

Did you and your family do any traveling outside of Montana when you were young?

Not outside of Montana. The only traveling that I can remember of any distance was to Helena, Montana, to the state fair once. And otherwise, it was about 30 miles over to Anaconda, where the judge of the district lived. We went over there a time or two when he had the family over to dinner.

In those days it was all gravel roads, you know, or just dirt. And the tires weren't very good. Dad had the agency on the Metz car, made in Germany, and he had a Metz. Going over to Anaconda that 30 miles, we'd have 3 and 4 blowouts. We'd have to stop, take off the tire and patch the tube and pump it up by hand and put it back on again, and so you didn't make too many trips. This Metz had what they called a disk drive—a big disk wheel, and then a composition smaller one that run against that. And the further out you went on this, the faster you went, you know. You moved this composition on out on this metal big one, and the faster you went, moving it out there. Well, every time you took a trip like that.... Dad had a garage with a big pit underneath that he could take out the boards and get down under there. He would take the whole thing apart and put in a new composition wheel on there, because the thing would get a flat spot on it and thumped every time it'd go around! [laughter] So every time you took a trip, you had to change that.

When we were talking earlier about what your father did, you didn't mention the Metz agency. Let's see...he was a mill electrician, he worked for a grocery, and he was the county clerk, and

he also had a Metz agency. Was there anything else he was involved in?

Well, he had a contract with the telephone company. On his days off from the courthouse—Saturday and Sunday—he'd take me with him and we would go out the south road from Philipsburg, out over the mountains into Rock Creek Valley, up the Rock Creek Valley to the east fork of Rock Creek, and then back over in the north end of Philipsburg. It would take us all day to make the trip around there, and he'd stop at each one of these farmhouses and check the telephone and make any repairs if they needed them and so forth. And he checked the lines, of course, to all the way to...one reason he took me along was because I could watch the lines. We always went by horse and buggy. That was before he had the Metz. I was probably 10 or 12—along there, I imagine—when he got the Metz agency. Well, he was the agent for Metz in Philipsburg, but it was just himself, you know. He never did sell one that I know of.

From the reading I've done, it appears to me that if one could afford an automobile—and particularly something like a Metz—in the years before the First World War, the family was fairly prosperous.

Well, I don't remember any hardships or anything; they always seemed to be able to buy presents for us kids and live well enough, especially, I guess, after the clerk of the court job. It probably paid pretty well in those days. I never did pay much attention to it as a kid growing up.

Of course, that's a political position. Maybe we could spend a couple of minutes talking about politics now. Your father had enlisted in the army as a cavalryman, I suppose?

Yes.

Was he an enlisted man or an officer?

Just enlisted. I think he was still in training in Georgia when the war ended.

Of course, many families end up discussing politics around the dinner table whether the kids are interested or not. Can you recall any such conversations in your house?

No, I can't. All I know is that Dad was a real fan of Teddy Roosevelt's, and voted for him all the time. That's about all I can tell you, because I wasn't interested in politics as a kid!

Do you remember if your mother ever had any interest in politics?

No. She didn't. I was about 9 years old when my father first ran for clerk of the court. Dad used to campaign the old-fashioned way. He had a big jug of whiskey and a box of cigars, and we'd take off in the horse and buggy and go around and stop at all these ranches. He'd talk to the people, and discuss things and argue with them and give them a drink or a cigar. It was just the men that voted in those days, anyway, I guess. Dad was one that liked to argue, so he'd get in discussions with people and they would argue back and forth. We took quite a few jaunts that way campaigning, but they never did go in too much for signs or anything like that. It was always personal contact.

Can you recall any of the differences between Republicans and Democrats in your hometown?

No.

You were probably much too young to pay attention to that.

Yes. I didn't pay much attention to it.

There was quite a healthy women's suffrage movement underway at about that time. In fact, there were some notable women's suffrage figures who operated here in the West. Did anything ever occur in Philipsburg along those lines, or did your mother ever express any interest in getting the right to vote?

Not that I know of. I don't remember her ever saying anything about it or being interested. She may have among her lady friends, but I don't know.

Did the family attend church regularly?

No, not particularly. Used to send us kids to Sunday school regularly—Methodist. But they never did attend themselves regularly. Mother was a Catholic originally, but she got discouraged with them somehow, I don't know, and changed. And Dad never did profess very much religious views or anything else. I don't ever remember him going to church. We went to Sunday school. I never did go to church after the Sunday school deal was over with, though. They used to give us a nickel for the collection; and I remember once I didn't turn in my nickel and bought some candy when I got downtown, and I really caught it for that. We weren't very religious in any way.

What kind of attitudes did your parents have toward such things as drinking and partying and gambling and things like that?

Well, just neutral on it. They didn't do any drinking. Mother didn't drink. Dad used to have a beer once in a while, was all. But I don't

remember any great discussions or anything about it.

Can you recall what sorts of discipline were imposed upon you children by your parents?

About the only think I remember is mother once was away someplace for the night. Dad took the 2 of us kids to the picture show. We got in a fight coming back up the hill to the house, and he didn't say a word until we got home. He let us both get undressed, and then he walloped us with a razor strop. You know, he had a straight razor that they used in those days. He gave us a walloping with that and sent us to bed. That's about the only real one that I remember. He used to cut my hair, too. He had me sitting on a box out in the front yard once, cutting my hair, and I wouldn't sit still. So he grabbed me by the shoulders and bounced me up and down on the box. That's about the only 2

Would you say that was because there were very few rules to be kept, or because you were generally just a pretty good kid? [laughter]

Well, both. I don't think we got into very much trouble. Didn't seem to in those days.

Were there any social divisions in the community? Was there such a thing as the wrong side of the tracks? [laughter]

Oh, yes. On one side of the town was all the bigger, nicer houses and the merchants. We were kind of isolated on one part up there with only a couple of houses. Butting up against our fence my uncles had a field with a great big barn on the other side of it. Then on out of the south end of Philipsburg, and down around the depot, was the poorer sections. One section was practically all Italians and

a few Finlanders. They kept by themselves pretty much. We were kind of isolated from any of them as far as that goes, up where we lived.

We lived in a house that Dad built pretty much himself—a nice looking house. We have some pictures around here someplace of it. It had a kitchen, dining room, living room and 2 bedrooms, wallpapered. Didn't have any sheetrock in those days, just the boards and wallpaper on them with no insulation. You had to keep the fires going pretty heavy when it was 40 below zero weather. It had inside plumbing for the bath and everything, but the toilet was outside. You had to trek out in the snowstorm to get to it. It had electricity, and it was the old fashioned wiring where they had the porcelain knobs and run the 2 wires across on all the ceiling joists up in the attic. Lightning hit there once. We were all away, and we come home and there's a streak clear across the ceiling down the full length of the house, and all these little pieces of wallpaper scattered all over the floor where the lightning had torn all those off. But nobody was home at the time.

Other than electric lights, what kind of electrical appliances can you remember?

Didn't have any. Well, we had a washing machine that you hooked up with the cold water faucet and turned on the water, and it swished back and forth to wash the clothes. Then you had a crank-turned wringer that you put on the edge of the tub and wrung the clothes by hand over into the rinse water, and then changed the wringer onto the tub and run it again to wring them out to hang them on the clothesline.

We didn't have any electric refrigerators then. They used to put up ice ever year in a warehouse downtown there— cover it with

sawdust, you know. And so you had blocks of ice in the icebox all summer to keep things cool. In the wintertime, of course, it was pretty cool all the time. [laughter] You'd bring your deer in and hang him on the north side of the house, and it'd just be frozen solid and stay that way all winter. When you wanted it, you had to hack off a leg or whatever you wanted to get off of the deer and bring it in and get it thawed out to cut it up. For quite a while, until later on when we got bigger, my sister and I shared a room. Then we had a line of buildings out there where the garage was and the toilet and storage, and we built one room on the end of that. I had a stove in there, and I used that for my bedroom. One year before we built that I stayed in a tent outside. I guess it was just a tent built up on a platform, you know, with the side boards around it. The dog and I slept in there; the dog slept with me. That 40 below zero weather was pretty crimpy, but we stayed warm with lots of blankets. But getting up in the morning, it was grab the clothes and run for the house as hard as you could go, and dress in the kitchen! [chuckles] I was in high school by then.

I suppose the main influence on me as a youth was the ranch and the riding—the cowboy part of it and all of that. That's what I did the most of in all those early years, every chance I got. I was always the leader in things because I had access to all these horses and things. Lots of times when I went to the ranch, I took another kid with me for a companion on riding—various different ones, quite a few different people. I suppose that probably developed me into being self-sufficient and kind of a leader and one thing and another. It always seemed to happen through life all the time to me. It always surprised me, because about every place I ever went...why, I never could understand it, but they always picked me out to go ahead with things. Like when I

went down to Marysville, California, to work on a big army camp there after Roosevelt closed the mines. I didn't know anything much about the carpenter work down there like that—hadn't done any of it. I just bought a saw and a hammer and went down there and got a job. I was only on it just a little while when the foreman pulled me off and put me over about 8 other fellows putting the forms together for the concrete gang coming along, to form the foundations and everything. I didn't know a thing about it, but these old-timers there were people that did know. They just said, "Well, you do this. You do that." So I just went ahead and was the boss on that gang.

When I went up to Alaska working in a sawmill, they put me on the cutoff saw, where all these boards come out on a conveyer belt and you have to run and sort them. Two Mexicans and a Siwash Indian were working on that. They just took me under their wing and showed me how to do it, and everything went fine.

Do you think this independence and ability to take charge derives from the way you were brought up?

Well, I think it must have been some, because when you come around to it, I was brought up with quite a rough bunch of people. Those cowboys...I mean they were all good fellows and everything, but they were rough. They didn't have too much sympathy. They'd laugh at a kid, you know, and didn't care whether they hurt his feelings and everything like that. You had to get pretty self-sufficient. I don't know—people just seemed to turn things over to me and figured that I was going to do them. I never could figure it out. I just went ahead and did the job. I never did decide on what I wanted to be. The

folks wanted me to go to Butte to the school of mines to take mining engineering. But, I don't know...I was reluctant, because I couldn't make up my mind and I didn't want to use their money. At that time and right after that the local banks all closed and tied up their money. I think they finally got 80 percent on the dollar out of it.

ADVENTURES ABOVE AND BELOW THE GROUND

After graduating from high school another kid, Logan Franklin, and I decided we wanted to go to San Francisco. His brother had gone down to San Francisco, and his mother lived in Marysville, California. So we rode freight trains down to San Francisco out of Philipsburg. There was a railroad strike on at that time, and the government had shotgun guards on all the trains that carried the mail. We couldn't ride passenger trains at all, and we couldn't go into the railroad yards. It made it kind of dangerous, getting off the freight trains and on again. Some of those railroad yards are real long, you know, so the trains would be going quite fast when they came out and went into the yards. We had to get off of them before the train entered the yards; I guess it was kind of dangerous, but it didn't mean much to us.

We stopped in Salt Lake City and had to wait till the next morning for the train to come out. We were in a vacant lot out of the outskirts of Salt Lake, waiting for the train to come through. There was a professional hobo there with us—an old fellow—and

along toward morning he said, "Come on, come on. Let's get the heck out of here." We wanted to know why, and he pointed across the street over to a house where there was a truck backed up and they were moving all the furniture out. And he said, "They're robbing that house, moving all the furniture out, and when it gets reported the police are going to be all around here looking for people. They'd pick us up and throw us in the can." So we had to change positions on where we were going to catch the train, and waited till it came out and caught it all right out of there.

Crossing those deserts from Salt Lake in October, it was real cold at night. I remember once we found a great big sheet of wrapping paper, real heavy stuff that they'd taken off of crates or something, and we used that for a blanket and cuddled up on the floor with that over us to keep warm.

Did the train stop in Reno?

We didn't get off there, just stopped briefly. We stayed quiet in the boxcar with the

door closed. They didn't seem to search it or anything there.

Was this the first time you had ever been in Nevada?

Yes. I don't remember very much of it, because I didn't see anything much, you know. Most of the time we had the door closed on the boxcar, keeping out of sight so the railroad bulls [railroad police] wouldn't find us and kick us off.

We went over into Marysville and stopped there with Login's mother for a day or two. Then we just bought tickets and went on into San Francisco. I had an uncle there that was working in the construction trade. I tried to get into that, but there wasn't any chance to get into the union, and they wouldn't give you a job unless you belonged to the union. So I tried working in several small factories there, running rivet machines and making lunch baskets and stuff like that. There wasn't very much pay in it and nothing that I wanted to do at all, so after a few months I bought a ticket and went home.

When you got home, did you continue working for your uncles?

Well, I probably would have if things had turned out different. But after World War I the use of horses deteriorated. [During World War I the U.S. government purchased large numbers of mules and horses for use in military service. Following the war this market evaporated, and mechanized equipment began replacing draft animals in agriculture.—ed]

I never did care much for the cattle part of it. My uncles didn't have any cattle, in fact—just a few milk cows for the ranch. But cattle are always so slow and everything; horses, you

know, they're always on the move. I wasn't interested in the cattle, much, or the sheep.

I don't know what would have come of it had we stayed around there, but my Uncle John bought a mine after Jim died and after the demand for horses fell off on account of the farm machinery and trucks and things. John and Jack Harrah and another brother of John's, Tom Hickey, bought the Moorlight Mining Company, which was about a mile up the gulches from Philipsburg. It mined high grade dioxide manganese that they use in dry cell batteries. It was one of the highest grade dioxide manganese mines in the country, I guess. Of course, it was easier to go to work at the mine than anyplace else, and so I went to work for them quite often.

They had unions there—a miners' union, you know. In fact, I was president of the Mine, Mill and Smelters Union for a while there. That was probably in the early 1930's or late 1920s. Of course, I got in pretty bad with our uncles that run the Moorlight Mining Company for being president of the union. I took it because I thought I could do some good there, knowing the inside of it on the company part quite a bit. Then the miners were going to strike for higher wages, and right at that time it wasn't a very good time to strike for higher wages on account of the condition of the mining companies, which I knew. I wanted to just try to get better working conditions and have showers for the miners and things like that rather than striking for wages.

Well, we were going to have a meeting to have a strike vote, and I persuaded quite a few of the conservatives to attend that meeting. Then when it came time for a vote, I called the vice president up to the chair, and I went down on the floor and made a speech to them about conditions and one thing and another. Then I went back up and called for the vote.

We bested the radicals and didn't have the strike for higher wages, but we didn't gain very much, either, on the working conditions.

As a Teddy Roosevelt Republican, how did your father feel about your union activities?

Well, he was in Seattle at that time, so it didn't bother him any. [laughter]

Had he had anything to say about unions when he was still living in Philipsburg?

Not that I remember, although he must have belonged to the union when he was an electrician at the Bi-Metallic mill, which was a great big mill. It covered a quarter of an acre or so. He had to have belonged to the union then, but I didn't know anything about it.

Although the ranch was not doing well, Uncle John kept the land and kept dabbling in the horses. After I graduated from high school, he still had me riding for him quite a bit off and on. He still had horses on the range, and he had me handling the horses—rounding up and bringing them back and forth. Much of the time I would get another high school kid or one just out of high school with me—friends, you know; furnish the horse, then go along, too. Some of the time I stayed out on the ranch. He abandoned the big ranch house, and he had an old fellow that used to be a bull whacker in the Dakotas in the early days out there: Al van Epps. Al would watch the farm in the wintertime, and then was there with me in the summer. So I'd stay out there quite a bit in the summertime sometimes.

Through that period after high school I did go to work in the Moorlight mine, too, up there tramming. They had a tunnel in about a thousand feet, and you had to tram the ore out from the stopes in there to the ore bin.

So I did that for quite a while. And then John put me with an Italian, Barney Presbyterio, running a drift by hand. I learned to single jack and double jack with him. You drill the holes in by hand that way, load them and blast instead of having any machines. And then I went into the mine and learned how to run all the machines: the liners, which clamp on a shaft and you crank them to push this drill in, while they're drilling; and then the stoper that drills overhead—they called them a stoper or wiggle tails; and then you had the jackhammers—you've seen those around on the streets and everything where the man holds it. So, I learned to use all of those.

You don't seem to be able to get away from mining.

No. No.

This strikes me as quite a contrast with what you did when you were younger. Obviously you enjoyed being out of doors a great deal, and then it seems that you find yourself working underground most of the time.

Yes, but in the summers I worked for the Forest Service in Granite County. I don't remember how I got the job. Of course, you knew everybody around; somebody must've mentioned it or something! I had a horse and had access to other horses, because I had to have a saddle horse and a pack horse, see? So I got the pack horse from John, and I had the saddle horse. The ranger, gave me a key to the warehouse, and I could go down there and load up the pack horse. He taught me how to pack the pack horse and throw a diamond hitch. So I would load up all my deal and head out into the hills. He'd point out the trails on the maps. I'd head out into the hills and go over these trails to clean them all

out, because in those days you hiked in to the fires. They didn't have 4-wheel-drive vehicles or helicopters or anything like that, and so the men hiked in to the fires, and equipment and material went in by pack horses. They wanted to keep all these trails open all over the mountains in case of fire so they could get to them. That was my job—wandering around, cleaning all these trails.

Up in the mountains down by Maxville—a station on the railroad going to Drummond—they had a Forest Service cabin. I stayed there for quite a while to work out of that. I had decided to learn to play the saxophone, and that was a good place to learn to play it. I had the saxophone and a correspondence course, so I took it out with me to the cabin and started practicing on it. And my dog quit me and went home. [laughter] So the next time I went in after food I took the saxophone in and took the dog back out with me. I never did learn to play the saxophone.

I would probably have stayed with the Forest Service. I liked that real well and everything. In those days the ranger had pretty much control of the whole district that he run. Things worked out pretty well with the local man handling it that way. The ranger I was with was a great big fellow; Townsend was his name. Toward the end of it there when I worked for him, they were starting to get so many directives from Washington, D.C. telling him what to do and everything that he got disgusted with it and was going to quit. I think that influenced me. I didn't want anything to do with a bunch of characters in Washington telling me what I had to do, and so I didn't pursue that any. I think I worked 2 seasons at that Forest Service job in the summer. I was working in the mine in the winter. And then one summer Uncle John had a couple of kids come out. I think they

were about 17 then. One of them was a son of the head of the Burgess battery company, and the other one's father was the president of a railroad in New York. They wanted the kids to have some experience, I guess. So they came out, and I had a saddle horse for each one of them from John, and then I had a couple of pack horses. I took them all over that area of the Rocky Mountains that summer, camping and fishing the alpine lakes and gave them quite a summer's outing in the mountains that way. I taught them how to camp and pack horses and ride horses, and that was quite interesting—getting paid for a good vacation. [laughter] After they left, I never did hear any more from them or about them or anything else.

Sometime through that period another young fellow and I took contracts after we got to be pretty good miners—took contracts running prospect drifts down the mine. That way you have to drill a round and blast it, and the next day muck out that round and drill another round and blast it before you go home to keep the drift running that way. It all depended on the hardness of the ground. You make anywhere from 3 to 6 feet a day, and we made pretty good money at that for a while. When the ordinary wages were \$4 a day, we sometimes made as much as \$11 a day. But then, I guess it was the Depression coming on or something, work just fell off in the mines. I went to Seattle, where the folks were, and tried to get work around there. I got a job with a painting contractor, painting houses. I had painted Dad's house a time or two. I thought I was a painter, but, boy, when I got to painting with that guy—2 ladders and a plank between them, you know? Go up the ladders and onto this plank and paint! I learned you had to take the brush in your fist and swing your arm and paint! And I had to keep up with him, and for

about the first 4 or 5 days I thought my arm was going to break off. [laughter] But I made out all right. He didn't fire me.

I painted with him until he run out of work for a while there, and then I went up the Great Northern tunnel, where they were running an 8-mile tunnel through the Cascades. They were running from both ends. They had a shaft down 5 miles from one end and 3 from the other, which they called the Mill Creek Camp.

That's where I went and got on the loading gang in the rings there. They would run a large-sized tunnel in—about 12 feet wide and maybe 10 feet high, something like that—which they called the pioneer tunnel. And then a big jumbo machine would come in with a bunch of liners on it. They would drill a ring of holes right around the tunnel, about every 5 feet or more, depending on the hardness of the ground. When they blasted that out, why, it left a hole big enough for a double track railroad through it.

Our job was to load all of the holes around the rings with 40, 60 and 80 percent nitroglycerin powder and electric primers, which were all timed. You had to put them so that everything went off in rotation when the shift boss threw the switch. The shift boss had the key to the box out down the drift there, and when we got through and ready to go off shift, he opened the box and threw the switch. The whole blast went off, and then after that you had a great big muck pile in there, of course. They laid track in just like a railroad, and this big shovel come in on the track with gondola cars, and they loaded the dirt in that and took it back out.

When I had finished working on the tunnel, I returned to Philipsburg. There was still no work in the mines, so I picked up 4 friends, went to Seattle and joined a salmon

fishing company to go to Alaska. They paid our way on one of the Princess ships up to Alaska. In those days, you know, there was no road or airplane traffic; it was all by boat. The ship took us up to Juneau, and then we went out on the tugs and cannery tenders, out through the islands to where the fish come up from the ocean in big schools, heading for these rivers to go up and spawn. Two of the fellows went on one of the cannery tenders; one of them had been in the navy some and had experience in the engine room, so he caught on there pretty good. And my partner and I went on a pile driver, building the big traps for the fish.

The traps were made of big logs about 4 feet in diameter, lashed all together, floating on the water. They make several compartments in this trap. Then they run a cable 1,000 feet out from the shore, and you hang nets on it with weights on the bottom so they hang straight down. The fish coming up along the shore to go up their streams hit this net and follow it over to an opening into the trap. The trap is where you put this stuff about like chicken wire all around on each one of these compartments and weight it down with rocks, so it hangs there and it makes a regular basket in there. The fish swim into that, swim around in there, and then there's another opening a little smaller. They go into another compartment...and keep that up so that they don't go back out again. See, they keep getting smaller openings when they get in there till they get up to the end one, which is a long one along the end of the trap. They go in there and can't find their way out.

Then the cannery tender comes alongside the end of the trap with a scow. The steam hoist on the cannery tender has a boom out with a cable hanging down with a net on it. There is an iron bar on top with a net strung

along, and then it hangs down. Then there's an iron bar on the bottom of the net that drops down in alongside the compartment in the trap. And one guy on each end has a rope and lets the rod drop down to the bottom, and then each one pulls on his rope and pulls this rod across the bottom of the trap over to the other side. Then the hoist on the boat lifts it up this way and spills all the fish over into the scow.

After we got the traps built, then we went on the cannery tender, too—the tugboat. My partner and I were putting the thing under the fish and dumping them in the scow. Then we would go into the cannery that way, and then we had to get in the scow with the fish with boots on. We had a pitchfork with only one tine on it, and you pitched the fish off onto a conveyer belt that went into the cannery until you emptied the whole thing. And then we'd go back out to the traps again.

Did you prefer that to mining?

Oh, no! It was just something to do. There wasn't much work mining then, and so...you know, it was an adventure for a bunch of guys. We did that most of the summer, till the salmon runs ended.

When we were through, we went into Juneau and got a job in a sawmill. We were on the cutoff saws, and taking the boards when they come out and sorting them and piling them around the lumberyard. So the 4 of us stayed in Juneau working there until it was time to get out of there in the fall. There was a few, of course, stayed all year. In Juneau there was a little guy there that every ship that'd come in, he'd come down on the wharf and play his Jew's harp and march back and forth. And everybody said that old Joe had just missed too many boats. [laughter]

They had mines running there, too. The train went up around the hill to the mine and then come back down to the mill by Juneau. But we found that they were using a caving system up there, which was a pretty dangerous system. We decided we didn't want any of that, so we went to work in the sawmill till time to leave. This must've been right around 1930 or so, I guess, because when we got back to Seattle the Depression was going strong. There wasn't any work, and we went over to Yakima and picked apples over there. The orchard people hadn't had any money for spraying the trees, and the apples were all wormy. You had to pick 5 or 6 apples and throw them down on the ground before you found a good one. When you got your basket full—that hung on your neck—you went down the ladder and dumped it into a regular wooden apple box. When you got one of those full of good apples, you got 5¢. We made enough to pay for our room and enough to eat on, but that was all.

When we got through with that, we went picking hops in Yakima. Are you familiar with these great big sacks that they put wool in and all? Well, you had to fill one of those with no twigs in it or anything—clean picking. And you got a dollar for one of those full. You could fill about one a day. Finally that harvest was over with, and then one of the fellows went back to Philipsburg. I think the other one's mother by that time was in Seattle, and he stayed there.

My partner and I took a job with a timber man that was cutting pulpwood out on Whidbey Island. These big trees, about 3 or 4 feet in diameter, were cut in 6-and-a-half-foot lengths, and then my partner and I had to get up on the log and chip it with the axe. You couldn't just strip the bark off, because it would leave the sap on there that would mold

when they piled it down on the wharf. So we had to chip a piece of wood out with each one and split these chunks up into cordwood, and then pile them. We got a dollar a cord for doing that, so we didn't make much over a dollar a day at that, too. That got tiresome pretty quick, so we went in to Seattle and my partner, George McDonald—everybody called him Pinto; a small guy—he went back to Philipsburg.

I stayed around Seattle for a little while then and couldn't get work. I stayed with the folks that winter trying to find work and just helping the folks out. Then I went back to Philipsburg, and I got a job as a chain man on a survey crew, working there through the summer on that.

MARRIAGE, FAMILY AND THE DECISION TO MOVE TO NEVADA

I was staying in Philipsburg at the Moorlight building in a room upstairs. Jack Harrah, who owned the mine with John, had an apartment up there, too. I came down from my room one day. The stairs came down and right out onto the sidewalk on the street. Just as I arrived there it was raining quite a bit, and Jack drove up in front of the garage doors. They had a big garage for the vehicles downstairs there, and I opened the door for him so they wouldn't have to get out in the rain. He had this gal with him—a niece, Thelma, from back east—so he introduced me to her. I didn't pay much attention to it at that time—went my own way. But it was a big adventure for her, coming from New Jersey.

Jack took her to the Anderson ranch, and she went with the cowboys taking the 400 cattle from the ranch 18 miles up into the hills for their summer pasture. The survey crew came down late that afternoon and stopped at Porter's Corner, which was a crossroads place about 7 miles out of Philipsburg where they served beer. Prohibition wasn't very good in Montana. [laughter] We stopped there to have

a beer, and just as we stopped, up comes the cowboys with Thelma. They had a bear tied outside there, and Thelma's horse shied at the bear and jumped to one side. Thelma landed on the ground, and I went over and picked her up. [laughter] So that was my second encounter with her.

I don't think Thelma could cook anything then much except strawberry shortcake with Bisquick, which was very new on the market at that time. But she plied me with strawberry shortcakes, and I started taking her out. I took her horseback riding and fishing and huckleberrying. She thought that country was great, I guess, and she liked it all; and by the time she left that fall, we were engaged. We couldn't get married because she wasn't 21 yet, and her father wouldn't give any consent. His daughter way out there in the wild and wooly West with some miner! He wanted nothing to do with it! [laughter]

Thelma went back home, and 3 friends and I took a lease on an old mill to clean up the quicksilver that had splashed over from the pans. It had settled into the crevices in

the granite out there, and was full of sand; the heavy quicksilver went down in those. So we took a lease on the thing, and I worked out there for the summer and made about miners' wages, about \$4 a day, cleaning up the quicksilver.

We had to put up a big mast and boom, and we had a chain block on the end of the boom. The granite was all broken up, from natural earthquakes and things, into blocks. The sand settled into the cracks in these blocks and the quicksilver was down in there. We'd root out these blocks and clean them all up, run the sand out by the creek where we had a sluice box, and then we'd hoist the big granite boulders up with this chain block onto the boom and swing them out and drop them out of our way. So we worked at that cleaning up quicksilver. Three of us did the work in the pit, and we had an old guy, Clyde Daniels, with us that did the cooking and running the sluice boxes.

Quicksilver was from \$200 up to \$300 a 70-pound flask. So we made about miners' wages out of the thing until toward fall when the price of quicksilver went down so low that we couldn't make any more money out of it. We had to take out too much overburden to get what we could, and it went way down in price. So we had to give that up.

That winter I went back into the mines. I was mining again and saving up some money to send to Thelma for her to come out next year, which she did. She waited till she was 21, and I sent her the money. Thelma came out and we were married in August of 1934.

What kind of family did Thelma come from?

Well, her father, Grant Davis, was general manager of Lima Locomotive Works in Lima, Ohio for a long time. Then he was transferred to New Jersey out of there. He sold these

big shovels and dragline outfits, and he was stationed in New Jersey at that time. Made good money, I guess, for that period.

Had Thelma received any education after high school?

She had one year at Ohio State University, was in nurse's training school in Lima, Ohio, then transferred to Jersey City Medical Center, and also was with the Powers Modeling Agency in New York for a while. Thelma had gone to a Catholic boarding school—St. Mary's on the River in Monroe, Michigan. She wasn't Catholic, but she went to a Catholic school for a while until that burned down. She graduated from high school in Lima. That's where she went this year, back to her fifty-fifth anniversary.

Were the families present for your marriage?

No. She had to come out on the bus, so I met her over in Butte. Milton Doe, a close friend of mine that I went to school with, had gotten married about a year or so before that. He and his wife, Ruth, went over with me. In fact, they took me over in Milt's car because I didn't have any. We were married in Butte and then had dinner late that afternoon and came back. A couple of friends of mine were living in our old house up there, so I had to get them to move out so I could fix it up for Thelma! [laughter] We started up housekeeping there. She started learning how to cook and everything. Her family had always had servants. She can tell all kinds of stories about her experiences on being a housewife.

The next year in May, twin sons were born. There was no hospital or anything there—our nearest hospital was 30 miles away over dirt roads. They had an old doctor for the mining camp, you know. The twins didn't come out

right; one that was supposed to come out last was trying to come first, and one of them was delayed too long and didn't live. We never could get him to breathe.

We put in another winter there. The house wasn't insulated at all, you know. In those days, they didn't have any... there was an open attic and nothing but wallpaper on the walls. It got down to 40 below zero and we had to keep the fire going red hot in there all the time. The frost'd seal around the doors from the moisture in the house, and we would have to take an ice pick and chip it in order to get the door open. Around the baseboards, wherever there was a nail that had been sunk and puttied over, there was a little gob of frost sticking out all around it. Jimmy had pneumonia at 9 months, and Thelma's sister had come out and had been sick. We had quite a time through all of that.

So in 1936 we decided to maybe get out of there and see if we couldn't find something else rather than being a miner. I was doing all right in the mine. I got \$4 a day and they changed me down to the mill, which was paying \$6 a day—pretty good wages then. But we decided we would try to do something else, so we went down to San Francisco. Thelma's folks had moved out west and were living in Burlingame, California. Her father had been transferred there, I guess. So we went down to where they were, and I was looking for work. I couldn't find anything much, but I did get a part-time job in the Bethlehem Steel Works shipyard there, repairing ships when they came in. It wasn't a very steady job. A ship would come in; the crews would work on it repairing it and have to get it ready for some tide going out. It'd go out, and then there might not be anything more for a while.

Did you have to pick up a new skill to work in the shipyard?

Yes. Had to pick up a new skill, but most of my work was repairing machinery in there. Of course, the guy I was working with knew all about it, so I was just a helper.

We were working on one Japanese boat, and had to get out and work on the propeller, and these guys were painting up above us with that red paint that they put on them. It was splattering down on us. It got all over us, and they wanted to make the tide out in the morning, so they wouldn't let anybody off that night. I had no way to get word to Thelma or anything. We worked on it right on through the night. Thelma got worried and called her mother; her mother came over in the morning. Thelma was fit to be tied because she couldn't find out anything. Finally I come home about 11:00 with this red paint splattered all over me! [laughter] She liked to have fainted when I walked in the door! Thought I'd been in a big accident.

But that shipyard job wasn't too good, so then I wrote and contacted a friend up in Grass Valley at the gold mine up there. He said, "Come on up." It was the Idaho-Maryland Mining Company. I went up and got a job with the Maryland and went to timbering with another fellow there. Then we got a house, and I timbered for quite a while there—timber man putting in timber where needed and putting in chutes and laying the pipelines all over the place for the air and the water. Finally I was promoted to shift boss. I had 3 of the levels on the mine—the 9, 10 and 11—and I had as high as 120 men under me on that. I was shift boss there until Roosevelt closed the gold mines down on December 8, 1941. [Actually, it was October, 1942, before the War Production Board issued Limitation Order L-208, effectively closing the nation's gold mines. However, restrictions on gold mining had begun almost immediately following Pearl Harbor.—ed.]

Before I was shift boss, they put me with a graduate mining engineering student. When they take all the ore out, in order to hold the back of the stopes—it'd be a roof to you; these stopes usually go up kind of a slant—they'd leave a great big pillar of rock in there. Well, this one stope on the eleven hundred level had very high grade veins of gold going through some of the pillars, and they wanted to get that. So this guy and I went in there and built a crib out of logs—you know, like cordwood—built a square like that, piled them on each other, and then wedged it good and let this crib take the place of the pillar. We would take the pillar out, and then we would cob down the quartz as best we could to get the high grade gold out of it. We put this in little, rubber-lined leather sacks that we had. One of those about 8 inches wide and maybe a foot high would be worth \$5,000, and gold was only \$35 an ounce, then. They had a bigger one that would be about \$10,000. The rest of the stuff we would take down and run it out and let it go to the mill.

As soon as we got some of these sacks full of this high grade, then we'd have to take that down personally to the station and ring a certain signal on the bell that we were coming up. The foreman would meet us at the top of the shaft, come to the shaft when we came up, take the bags from us and take them over to the assayer. The assayer would get the gold out of them and make it into bars right there, instead of going through the mill to be processed. Old Earl MacBoyle had an airplane, and I'm quite sure—in fact, everybody figured that—that these gold bars went into the airplane and went to Mexico where he got a lot bigger price than \$35 an ounce for it. But it was a pretty responsible position to get that out and not to cave the whole damn stope in doing it.

When the mine closed I went down to Marysville and worked on Camp Beale for the armed forces. They were building a big camp there. I worked there for a while, and then we decided to go on to Seattle. We went up to Seattle and found a place to stay. I got a job in the shipyards, and Thelma went to work in Boeing Aircraft.

We had a house rented, but pretty soon the landlady got anxious and wanted a place to stay. So rather than kick us out, why, I made a deal with her. I built an apartment in the basement for she and her daughter—fixed it all up so they could use that, and didn't charge them anything. Our refrigerator was down in the basement, too, and the doggone daughter would have company in—her friends—and use stuff out of our refrigerator, and everything was on food ration stamps in those days, you know. And they would take our milk out and leave it sitting on the table where it would sour, and like that.

It was getting to be kind of an impossible situation. The landlady wanted the house, and we couldn't find any other place to live at that time. I had transferred from the shipyard out to building anti-aircraft towers around the airport in Seattle, and I wasn't even on essential work there. ["Essential work" was work thought by the government to have a direct effect on the war effort. Those engaged in it enjoyed certain benefits withheld from others.—ed.] And the doggone contractor kept taking another fellow and myself off to work on a big warehouse down on the wharf for his own personal good! That wasn't our business, of course, but we decided that we'd leave there, and so I went to the ration board and asked for tickets to go to Los Angeles, where Thelma's sister, Betty, was living with her family. I had a letter from the tungsten mine up at Bishop that I could come to work there, because that was essential work, see. I

told the ration board that if they'd give me gas tickets to get to Los Angeles with my family, I would find my own way up to Bishop. They gave me the gas tickets and made me sign a paper that I wouldn't ask for any to come back.

We went down to Los Angeles, and I got a job on a big housing project there. I was working with the layout man. We stayed with Betty's family, but after a while the landlord got anxious and told Betty they had too many in the apartment there, and that she either had to get rid of us or she'd have to move. I was working building houses for defense workers, but somehow they wouldn't consider that essential, and we couldn't get a house anywhere.

Thelma's father was out there transferred to Los Angeles then. He had ration tickets because his was essential work. He had gas tickets, and Betty's husband, Walter Kroger, had gas tickets because he was expediting for the airplane companies to these little outfits that set up shops in garages and were making small parts for airplanes. We knew several gas station owners, and so we gathered up all the gas tickets we could for machinery and boats and everything like that [laughter] and took off from Los Angeles and headed up to Bishop.

We had what they called a 5-passenger Chevrolet Coupe, with not much room in the back seat. So we had the 2 kids and a great big dog that was part Doberman pinscher and part bulldog, called Duke. He was a pretty big dog, but he went with us clear to Seattle, Los Angeles, back up to this country again!

Did you have a trailer attached to your car?

No! [laughs]

But you managed to get everything you owned in that little 5-passenger Chevy Coupe?

It looked like Little Italy or something! [laughter] I don't think we had anything strapped on the top; we just had everything piled in the car, in the trunk and in the back seat, and the kids and the dog in on top of everything.

We were going up the canyon to the mine at Bishop, and Thelma said, "You don't want to go back to the mines, do you?"

And I said, "No, I don't." I swung the car around and came back down out of there. We came into Nevada through Montgomery Pass and tossed a coin to either go north or go east. That took us east over to Highway 95 at the crossroads. Then it was go either north or south, so we tossed another coin and that sent us north.

Did you have any idea of what you were going to find when you drove across the border into Nevada?

Not too much, no. Of course, I'd heard about Nevada quite a bit because it was so much mining, and people were coming from here to Montana, and people from there going down to Nevada. So I had heard quite a few things, but I had no idea about it. In fact, Thelma didn't know whether she could stand it with all the desert and one thing and another at first. But we got to liking it so well that when we'd be coming back from Seattle visits, why, you come over the mountains and see everything opened up.. we'd figure we were home. [laughs]

Did either of you have any reluctance to follow the dictates of the coin when you started flipping coins to find out where you were going to go?

No. We had no idea what the heck to do, so we were just doing it that way. Figured that was as good a way as any.

What had finally convinced you that mining was not what you wanted to do for the rest of your life?

Oh, it was so much up and down all the time. And then I had seen so many fellows die of what they called miner's consumption, you know. In fact, I think most of the young fellows that I worked in the mines with up there in Philipsburg are all dead now. I was kind of leery of that and wanted to see if we could find something else to do. I had gotten into the construction so much by then—working at Camp Beale and around Seattle and Los Angeles, and building houses—that I figured that would be much better than going back into the mines. That was probably kind of the idea—finding a place to light and kind of go on in the construction trades.

Mining seems to be a pretty seasonal occupation in a way. I don't mean that it follows the seasons, necessarily, but it's a boom-and-bust situation, and has been for quite some time.

Yes, it always was.

Was that a factor in your decision?

Yes. That's one of the main factors, I think, because I'd seen so much of it.

Mining is a notoriously dangerous occupation. Were you ever injured?

No.

Had you suffered any problems at all that you were aware of that were related to working underground?

Oh, yes. I had a spot in my lungs. After we were here in Carson City, I don't remember

whether I had a physical examination or just talked to a doctor about it, but I had some x rays. I have a spot on my lungs that they've been watching for years, but it hasn't enlarged or done anything.

Did you manage to save any money during all of that time that you'd been working at one job or another? When you left Los Angeles to go to Bishop, did you have any savings with you?

Well, some; not a lot. In fact, we were getting kind of low on funds by the time we finally wound up in Carson City, running out of gas tickets! [laughter] It wasn't too much security, but that never seemed to bother me very much. I never was afraid of getting fired off a job. always had the idea that I was looking for a job when I got this one, and I always figured I could get one, so it never did bother us very much. We had enough that when we got to Carson City, we weren't going to starve or anything like that; I don't remember how much we had.

We figured we would go until the gas ration stamps ran out, but they were getting pretty low when we hit Carson City. We needed tires on the car, too, and you couldn't get them anyplace. But we ran across Mr. George Salzman at the Dutch Mill—we were eating there the next morning—and got to talking to him. He was manager of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad at that time in Carson City. We found out that he knew Thelma's uncle from when he used to be in Missoula, and he got tickets for us to get some tires for our car.

We went up to Virginia City the next day. We were just looking for a place to stay then so we could look around. So we went into the Bucket of Blood, I think it was, and they said, "Well, there's 2 houses for rent here that this Catholic church owns—the big King mansion

up on the hill and the parish house behind St. Mary's." So we beat it down to Reno to the priests and talked it over with them. A couple of young priests come up with us and took us to the King mansion on the hill. That had a fireplace in every room, and we couldn't figure trying to keep that one warm in the winter, so we went down to the parish house. Here's this big house with...the doggone living room was about 30 feet, and the kitchen and one of the bedrooms upstairs was about 30 feet up there, and everything was furnished—davenports and beds, everything...and a furnace like stoking the Queen Mary! "Well," we said, "how much would this be?"

The priest said, "Do you think \$25 would be all right?" Well, we was figuring \$25 a week. Come to find out, it was \$25 a month! So we took it.

VIRGINIA CITY 1943 - 1945

Virginia City looked very different than from the way it does today. Many of the buildings were unoccupied. There were no neons or anything like that, and, of course, with a lot of the store fronts closed most of the light was just the street lights. There wasn't hardly any tourists in those days, of course. People were too concerned with the war, and gasoline was rationed and everything else. So, an awful lot of the tourist trade they did get was the military people from Stead, come up there to visit at night, but they wouldn't stay very late. Maybe they'd be there late in the afternoon and stay for an hour after dark or something, but by probably 8:00 the whole town was dead.

As soon as we moved into the parish house I started looking for work. Zeb Kendall—the mining man who had made his stake in Tonopah—was living in Virginia City, and he wanted to sample all those dumps up there to see if he could do any good with them. So I took a job sampling the dumps for him—digging into the dumps and taking samples of the cross-section of the thing, so that you get a fair sample that would indicate

how much value might be in the dump, you know, for them to work in it. It didn't turn out that he could do anything with it, but it was something to start out with.

Zeb Kendall was a rather quiet, kindly old gentleman. He gambled frequently and heavily—I think at 21. Some of the games lasted 24 to 36 hours. He drove a large sedan—one of the more expensive cars—and he would ride up and down C Street, rarely on any others, never getting out of second gear. He liked our outgoing little red-headed daughter, Patty, and used to pick her up sometimes, and the old man and little first grader would slowly traverse C Street!

Most of the men that had to earn a living were gone to San Francisco and places in the war effort, in essential jobs. The few men that were up there were mostly the old fellows and old characters like old Deacon and Axel and a few of them like that that would be of no use to the war effort! [laughter] And children.. a lot of the women were gone, too, at that time. And I wasn't there too much of the time during that period of sampling for Kendall.

Then I ran across a young French guy named La Blanc—we just called him “Bugs.” He and I made a deal with Bronco Lazarri, the owner of the Union Brewery bar. We would tear down the houses and take all the nails out of the lumber and sort it and pile it, and then get a dealer up from Reno. He would buy it, and we would go down to Bronco’s and give him his share of it. We tore down about 8 or 10 houses up there—small ones, you know, that had been left to Bronco by old miners. He loaned them money and gave them drinks, and they left him their property—had no one else to leave it to, probably. A lot of the houses were in good shape. There was an awful lot of good lumber, because it was virgin pine that was cut up in the mountains here. A lot of it was very clear pine that you’d pay a fortune for nowadays. The two-by-fours were not like you see now. They were all rough, not planed like they are now. So they were a full 4 inches thick instead of the 3 5/8. The same way pretty much with the joists and the rafters. It was all very good lumber as far as lumber was concerned and not very many knots in it, you know. So they picked out good stuff in those days, because it was coming right from the mills up at Glenbrook.

One day Bugs stayed up working and I went down with the dealer to Bronco’s to settle up with him. We were having a beer there while we did it, and had the beer in a glass. I was turned talking to the dealer. I happened to catch a movement out of the side of my eye, and looked and saw Bronco pouring whiskey in my beer to get me drunk so he could make a better deal! [laughter] He was quite a character.

Who was buying the lumber? Can you recall the name of the dealer?

No. I don’t.

I was wondering about the motivation for tearing them down. You are telling me that they were well-constructed houses that were in no danger of collapsing.

Yes.

Did Bronco then feel that he couldn’t make a profit by holding on to them and...?

He must have, I guess. He never did explain to us, and he just agreed to it. He would do anything for money! When we propositioned him, he designated the houses to tear down.

Oh, you went in and worked the deal with him yourself? That was your idea to tear the houses down? I didn’t understand that.

Yes, we went and propositioned him for a deal like that, and he agreed to point out the houses for us to tear down. I guess they were so small and everything, I don’t think they were too good for the advancing times of renting them. And, of course, there would have to be a lot of work done on them—improving the plumbing and facilities and things like that that would cost quite a bit of money. Bronco just probably figured it would never pay to try and fix them up modern so that he could rent them, so he would do just as well to get what he could out of the lumber when he had a chance. I never did take it up with him on just how he figured it. All we were interested in was getting some work to do.

What led you and Bugs to go to him? Did you go to any other people, or did you just decide that he was the guy?

No. We found out.. .well, you could find out most anything in the bars, and we found

out about Bronco owning so many buildings around town, so we just went to him.

When you were through with his, did you attempt to do this for anybody else?

No, when we got through with that part of it, we went to work for Isbell Construction Company on the big shops and garages on South Virginia Street in Reno. Then we went over to Ely, building those big ones where they were stripping the overburden off of the Ruth copper pit there. Of course, doing that, I was gone for the full week and only come home once in a while on weekends.

So you didn't have much contact with Virginia City over that year-and-a-half period?

No. I can't even remember all of our friends in Virginia City. There was "Ole" Hart, who owned the Brass Rail; her husband, Pat, was overseas. Hobe and Betty Leonard, who owned the Virginia City Water Company, were descendants of the Hobart Leonard clan which had large holdings in the area. They would take friends fishing up to Marlette Lake (which I think they owned). They had a little summer cabin on the island. You could fill your boat in a couple of hours! We never fished there, but we watched them.

Dan and Ruth Sexsmith (her maiden name; I don't remember the married name) lived in a big old house 2 doors from the "Castle." Pappy Sexsmith, Ruth's father, owned a downtown building, and the loft was filled with relics. Thelma got enough old flocked wallpaper there to paper the flats for a show put on by the Proscenium Players, a dramatic club she belonged to in Carson City. The paper was left over from that used to paper the club rooms of the Mackay-Fair-Flood and O'Brien gang. Zeb Kendall was a good friend. Other

friends were the Byrne family—Alice Byrne took care of our kids when Thelma had to go to Reno at midnight for emergency surgery. Her husband and son, John, used to work for me when I had the Fink and Mahoney claim in the Comstock mining area.

I gather from what you were telling me about your deal with the Catholic church that the church was not very active in Virginia City at the time that you were up there.

There wasn't anything going on much, except a priest would come up each Sunday for services there, and that was all. They had no art gallery or anything else going like they did later.

Would they open up the entire church?

St. Mary's in the Mountains church had a smaller, quite plain chapel on the basement floor where Father Robert Smith would hold services. The congregation was mostly women—no men in town—and the Altar Society was fairly active. They gave a lot of bridge parties. Bob liked us and would cross the street to visit us most Sundays. Once he stood behind our curtain and looked at the parishioners standing on the porch where he had bade them "good-bye" and said, "You know they are all saying, 'What's he doing visiting them so much—they're not even Catholic!'"

One time we had taken in a couple of truck drivers for some reason to stay with us a little bit when they needed it, and they were appreciative of it. Come Easter, they bought the kids a white rabbit, and we had that around there. The rabbit used to get up on the davenport. So Sunday come and the priest came over. The rabbit was under the davenport, Thelma trying to keep it

out of sight, and the priest sat down on the davenport and we thought nothing of it. And when he got up, on the back of the black habit of his, there was white fur all over it! [laughter] We didn't dare say anything, because we didn't want him to know that we had a rabbit running around in there, too. I don't know what he thought when he got home and found all that.

You mentioned to me earlier that practically the only thing to do at night was to go to the bar and have a drink. Was there anything at all else to do? Were there any social clubs, as an example?

Not that I know of. The Masons still had a lodge up there. I guess they met once a month or something like that, but there wasn't very many of them to meet. But that's the only one that I know of. Thelma had a Cub Scout troop for a little while up there. She got pretty P.O.'d at the natives up there, because she was using some of our food stamps to get some hamburger to take these Cub Scouts out, and nobody would help us out with any ration stamps for anything.

Did it feel like a closed society to you? Did you feel that you were not welcome up there?

Well, with some of the people, yes. Some of them were all right, but some of them were pretty distant.

The market for salvaged lumber probably was a consequence of the fact that we were at war.

Oh, yes. It was.

Can you think of any other economic or social impact of the war on Virginia City that you were aware of while you were up there?

No. Not very much, except that even at that time they must have been depending an awful lot on tourism, and, of course, there wasn't any tourists. So everything was pretty dead.

Virginia City really had nothing to offer socially or for our children; all there was to do there was drink. There were, I think, 12 saloons, and in order to survive all but one would close each night. Everyone went to the open saloon to congregate and discuss the war, hard times and water shortages. Water was supplied through the flumes by an inverted siphon arrangement manned at the water company house at Lakeview. When it got very cold, the flumes would freeze and no water reached Virginia City, so they had to depend on water stored in the tank at the head of Gold Gulch. Everyone would take their buckets and wait at the nearest hydrant for an employee to turn it on, and then they would take as much as they could carry home. All the men would climb the hills to the flumes and chop out the ice till they got the water moving again. It was pretty primitive.

Occasionally, a field would catch fire in the summer. Everyone would lock up shop or whatever they were doing and head for the fire with cans of water with sprays on their backs—wet carpeting, anything to help stop it. Virginia City was nearly done in several times by fire, and everyone was scared of it.

Did you ever hear any talk in the bars about ways that they might try to revive tourism after the war?

No. Everybody was just waiting it out, I think, and then going to go back to where they left off.

After I sampled for Zeb a couple of fellows come up from Reno. I don't know who put

them on to me, but they hired me to do some work opening up a tunnel up there in the Jumbo district. That's above that settlement over there on the east side of Washoe Lake. There's a canyon runs up from that over to the Jumbo district up there, and there's a road comes from Virginia City up over the hill to that district. There was a couple of gold mines up there and a little bit of a mill, and where the tunnel run in at this little mill, these fellows wanted to open it up. There was some cave-ins there, and so they hired me to do it, and I hired some of the fellows from Virginia City to help me. Johnny Byrne worked with me for quite a while. And then Andy Antunovich.. he was a Russian and married to an Indian. He had one hand off, but he had this stump clear down to the wrist. And that guy would put the shovel handle across this stump like that, hold it on the end with his other hand, and he could out-muck most of the guys that I'd have working any time.

After that Johnny and I worked for George Salzman, who managed the Virginia and Truckee Railroad in Carson City. He wanted some of those big timbers out of the tunnels up there. So that tunnel that goes in right at Gold Hill station, Johnny and I took out those big timbers there—ten-by-twelves and twelve-by-sixteen timbers—and worked back in there taking those out until one day the whole thing started creaking and popping. So we got out of there and it caved in!

Salzman was selling the timbers to some contractor for the V & T, but I don't know who. I didn't pay any attention. We just got them out for him.

I've heard about salvage of various electrical and metal fixtures from mines in other parts of

the state. Were you aware of any of that sort of thing going on in the Virginia City area?

Oh, yes. All of the old mines were stripped at that time by junk dealers and one thing and another coming in. They would grab everything they could—the brass fittings from the old engines and the engine rooms, and the.... They would tear up the tracks of those small rails as much as they could: everything that they could get loose and take in the line of brass and iron were stripped from an awful lot of the old mines around.

They were doing this without the permission of the owners?

Oh, yes. Yes. I took up a claim that I ran across up there at Jumbo. We were working up there and watched it, and it wasn't filed on that year, so I filed on it. It had a tunnel in the hill and then a stope up, and the stope caved in to the surface; you could get down in there a little ways from the surface. I got down in there. Some of it, we panned; you could get colors of gold out of it. So I hung onto it for several years and used to go up and do the representing work. Then my son, Jimmy, got big enough, so I had him and one of his friends do the representing work for a year or two. I got busy in the museum there and Jimmy went away, and I couldn't manage to do the representing work, and some other guy jumped it. Then after that I went up there, and he'd stripped all the rails out of the tunnel and anything that was in the old cabin that was there and sold them all, I guess.

The claim was the Fink and Mahoney property—pretty fair assay reports. When Howard Hughes "bought Las Vegas" he had some mining engineers up there on the Jumbo,

and the last I heard, Summa Corporation has the whole area under patented claims.

You had mentioned that you had been hired by the 2 Reno men to clear the tunnel at the Jumbo district. After that was cleared, did that mine then go into operation again, or what?

No. I don't know what they were figuring. As I say, gold wasn't any good then. It must have been just figuring for after the war or something if they could do anything with it, but nothing ever came of it. They never opened it up or did anything with it after I left it.

Well, how did you come to form a relationship with Isbell Construction? How did you get into that?

Oh, just probably through the union. I don't know. Anyway, we were just looking for work. They had 2 other fellows there, and they hired Bugs and me. The 4 of us worked there and then over in Ely. When I got through with working at Ely, the other 2—it was a man and his son—went up to Lake Tahoe and were building houses themselves as contractors. So we worked for a while for them up there. This was after the war.

What were you working at when you moved your family from Virginia City into Carson City?

Right then I was up here in the V & T roundhouse with Seaman Manufacturing, an outfit that made rototillers that they wanted to sell to the highway department for stirring up the oil into the asphalt and making the asphalt out on the road. They would ship out the motors and rototiller drums. We were building the frames up here, welding

them together in the V & T shops and then putting them together. Jack Shaughnessy was in charge of the job, and then he would try to sell them to these highway departments and county road crews and things like that around. That job didn't last very long.

Can you recall what led you to move the family down from Virginia City into Carson City?

There was more work going around in Carson City, you know—carpenter work and that. And there wasn't anything to do up in Virginia City, except to go up to the bar and drink.

SETTLING IN CARSON CITY

We were moving from Virginia City to Carson City the day the war ended. I had found a small house in Carson City, and Thelma was bringing down the linens, clothing, pots and pans. We didn't have anything in the way of furniture, and had always rented furnished places. We got the word that day that the war was over. Everyone quit, and I drove the company truck. Jack got a piano someplace, and we put it in the bed of the truck and there was an impromptu parade—Jack or someone playing the piano. We rode up and down Carson Street most of the night. People would bring drinks out to us to keep us going!

Thelma had the car loaded with household goods, the kids, her sister and her little girl, and had stopped at the Virginia City post office for mail. The town hall bell started ringing to signal the end of the war. The streets filled in minutes, and she couldn't get her car out—it was up against those high curbs. So she got a sitter for the kids, and she and her sister started celebrating. All the fellows from Stead Air Force Base came up. Everyone was

tearing up their ration books—she said the floor was ankle deep in ration stamps—and people were cutting the ties off the servicemen and draping them over the crystal chandeliers. . . women's hose, shirts. I guess it was quite a party, and they danced in all that litter and really had a gay old time!

Thelma was able to move her car about 7:30 a.m., picked up the kids and got her tank filled with ration-free gas and got home about 8:00 a.m. I was sleeping on the couch of this house we had rented, pretty hung over.

We moved to Carson City and got a little house right over here a couple of blocks, on the corner of Walsh and probably Musser. We just stayed there a little while, because it was pretty small and cramped for our family. Shortly, we moved to a large house at the north end of town; there is a filling station there now. The house had once been lived in by Hans Meyer-Kassel, the noted artist who did many portraits of UNR presidents and Nevada governors. The owner decided to sell it, but we couldn't afford to buy it and move it, so we bought a piece of property

owned by Thelma's sister and her husband. (Thelma's whole family had moved here by then.) There was a shack on it—2 rooms and a kitchen of sorts—built by Dr. Fred Anderson's grandfather and grandmother.

The place had 3 little rooms in a row here with a false storefront on them like they used to have in the old days. It looked just like a cribbage outfit in a whorehouse district, you know. [laughter] We moved into that just to have a place to stay; we couldn't seem to find any other place much around. So I said, "Well, we'll fix this up for a while and stay here, and then when we get ready, we can turn it over to Betty.

There was a kitchen here that the cows had been into, in these 3 little rooms. We hung a canvas in there that we stayed behind for a little while to keep warm. We camped in it, and whenever we got a little money we would buy some material and build around us. I took a little time off, and I built 3 bedrooms and a bathroom on that end. Then I fixed up the kitchen a little so we could use that. Christmas Eve, I think it was, I cut the hole through there into the other places. Thelma's mother was staying with us by then, so we had bedrooms, then, to move into. It took 6 years and some rough winters to finish it.

We had 3 bedrooms, a bath, living room and kitchen. We added things as we needed them. After the kids moved away, went to college, et cetera, we finally added a 22-foot-by-25 foot addition and another bath. We know so many people that enlarge their houses after the kids leave! Thelma was seriously into painting by then and needed a studio. And, with what seem like annual improvements, this is where we live today.

When we first moved to Carson City, I think the census figure for 1940—the last census before we got here—was around 3,000. Carson City never knew the Great Depression,

because most everyone worked for the state. State government had to go on, and the stores sold to those people who remained. When the legislature was in town, there was a legal limit to the length of the session. When they had to run over (I think 60 days), they would put a cardboard over the clock. Most of the bills were passed the last legal day, even if it was a week long.

Social life in Carson early on wasn't much—just more of Virginia City. The owners of the Old Corner Bar were very popular—Pete Indart and Tim Martinez, both of Basque heritage. The Senator Club next to the Capitol was owned by Ken Johnson, a state senator. Melody Lane was owned by Art and Mae Cooper and offered Hammond organ music. The Hot Springs was owned by Dick and Edith Waters. It was a popular place for eating and dancing. Dick was with the legislature, too. The Ship Bar, across from the State Library where the prow of the ship thrust out into the street was popular. Ella Broderick's bar and gaming place was where the Nugget is now. Ella was called Mrs. Republican because of her devotion to the party.

In the earlier days there were a number of dances, mostly held in the community center on Carson and Ann streets, and at the Hot Springs. We went to many affairs at the governor's mansion. Particularly when Paul and Jackie Laxalt lived there, we went to more family-type parties. We went to a Christmas party when Paul had a portable floor made for the north parlor for dancing.

When Thelma went to work for the state, there were some parties, particularly after she was research assistant to the Nevada legislature. There were many parties when the legislature was in session. Funny thing, at the beginning everyone in town celebrated the arrival of the legislators. They gave parties for them and entertained them in their

homes. There wasn't much in the way of hotels—the Arlington and the White House were pretty much traps and catered mostly to old single men, so if a legislator didn't have a friend here to live with, he mostly stayed in Reno. Nowadays, Carson people dread the legislature coming. It seems they are here 6 months. They get all sorts of special privileges, and they treat Carson City very poorly.

It seems there were more disasters back then. Big fires—when the lumberyard burned down—and floods. One flood, they were calling for volunteers to come down to where the county library is now and turn on their headlights so the guy trying to clean out the ditch with a power shovel could see what he was doing. All the women were making sandwiches and coffee to take to the different spots to feed the workers. There was also the Kings Canyon fire—that was a big one. And people don't realize how precious water is. In the early 1940s Washoe Lake was so dry, cattle were walking across it with dry feet.

Our first close friends in Carson City were Jane and Adrian Atwater—he was chief photographer for the highway department. He would get topographical maps, and we would spend weekends junketing around the hills to ghost towns like Lousetown, a stopover for the freight routes from Virginia City to the railhead at Sparks, named so from the condition of the drovers.

After we arrived in Carson City, it couldn't have been over a couple of months or so that I stayed with Shaughnessy at Seaman Manufacturing Company. The rototiller scheme didn't work out, and the company abandoned the idea. They couldn't seem to sell them around here or something. So they just pulled out again—left it. I went to building houses, then, and got a job with Pagni for a while, building up at the northeast end of

town. Then with Bell and Vannoy, I built over on the northwest side of town.

There was a boom in house building in Carson City after the war. They were building quite a bunch of them, all on the west side of town. There wasn't much going on over on the east side. Our house here was within about a block of the edge of town. The west was always the plush side of town. The railroad went down Stewart Street, so this was the other side of the railroad tracks. All the big houses of the old-timers were built on the other side. The Virginia and Truckee Railroad was still running on the track down Stewart Street, going to Minden at that time.

The houses that were being built weren't what you'd call wealthy houses. They were selling for about \$21,000 at the time. They were nice houses—most of them 2-bedroom. They didn't go for 3 and 4 bedrooms so much then. But they were nice enough modern houses, you know, with washing machines, and they finally started putting in dishwashers and so forth. They had modern bathrooms and everything like that, you know—nice houses, about like you would get now in the \$70,000 deal, except for the extra bedrooms, maybe.

When we lived up on Carson Street, Thelma's father had died. Her mother came to live with us, and her sister and her husband and 2 kids. We had a big 2-story house up there we were renting. There was no use of the 3 women in the house taking care of the 4 kids, and Walter [(Roger (my brother-in-law) and I were working. So Betty and Mary, Thelma's sister and mother, went downtown looking for a job. They come back that day and said, "Thelma, we have just the job for you." They sent her down to the Department of Education, and Mildred Bray, the state superintendent of public instruction, hired her for the job. That was probably in 1947.

Thelma had the job of secretary to Mildred Bray. There was only the 2 of them in the Department of Education then— just Mildred and Thelma. Then she went on from there to be secretary and research assistant to the Legislative Counsel Bureau. There were only 3 of them there at that time: an auditor, Al Jacobsen from Virginia City, and Jeff Springmeyer, the legislative counsel, and Thelma. So the 2 of us were working—the kids were big enough to take care of themselves pretty much here and going to school. But the 2 of us kept on working pretty much and using the money to build our house and develop it.

What kind of plans did you have for your children at that time?

Well, just to get them through college or through with school. When they finally graduated from high school, Jimmy went to the University of Nevada for part of a semester, and then all of a sudden he told us that he had joined the paratroopers. He and a partner of his joined the army and went in as paratroopers. His partner didn't make it, but Jimmy continued on as a paratrooper through all the training there and in Alaska and over in Germany.

Patty decided that she was going to the University of Washington—she went up there and stayed with my sister and her husband for a while to go to the university. She later decided against that and came back and went to San Francisco State University. She had 2 girlfriends with her. The girls rented a small penthouse! They had to go to work to supplement what we were sending them. Pat went to work nights for Ted Stokes, who was an attorney with the Colorado River Commission, preparing briefs or something for the next day's hearing in San Francisco. She came back and went to UNR, got her

degree and did some substitute teaching after she was married.

Jimmy put in his stint with the paratroopers and came back. Then he went back to the university and got a degree in education. While he was doing that, he worked at Harrah's Club and was promoted up to security chief, and he wrote the security manual for them while he was there. Then they offered him a better job to stay on. He came over to Carson City and investigated a teaching proposition as a math teacher and coach (he had made 2 all-state football teams in high school) , but they were paying him much more at Harrah's than he could get teaching. He got his degree from the university, but he decided that he couldn't go to teaching, and he stayed with Harrah's Club for over 20 years.

Thelma apparently got involved in politics at some point.

Yes. She did later on. She was United States Deputy Marshal for a long time, appointed by U.S. Marshal Bill Stewart. It was just another federal job advertisement that came up after she quit the Legislative Counsel Bureau. She was going to retire and then decided she wanted to go back to work again, and found this job with the marshal's office. She wasn't content to just be a clerk or anything, you know. She had to take the pistol course and everything else, so she was a marshal. She used to take care of all the money for the office, and when the court met in Las Vegas, she always had to take the checks down there to pay everybody. Old Bill would just sign the checks here, and she took all those signed checks with her to Las Vegas—she was kind of edgy about that sometimes.

She finally quit that job and got to painting and one thing and another. She got to be quite a painter. She was very interested in the

painting and making pretty good money at it for a few years there. Then the painting deal kind of started dying out, and the election here for city council came up. Two women, the Carson City Appeal editor and someone else, persuaded her to run for the council, and so she got on the council for that session. There were 5 of them on the council at that time—the mayor and 4 councilmen. That council was instrumental in getting Ormsby County and Carson City consolidated into one entity all called Carson City. Then she was out of it for a while and just went on with her painting, after she finished that term as councilman. Later on it came up to the election for city supervisors. A bunch of the women (and men, too) persuaded Thelma to run for that, because she had done such a good job as councilman. Then there was a little dissension about the supervisors they'd had lately, too. So she ran for that and got elected and served from 1974 through 1978. She was mayor pro tempore in 1977 and 1978.

That's how Thelma got interested in politics. Of course, she's been interested in politics ever since. She did have quite a reputation on her judgment and everything, and it got to be around here that everybody who wanted to know something called Thelma Calhoun, [laughter] because she knew so damned many people. She put in 10 years on the Council for the Arts—she was instrumental in getting that bill through the legislature, and she put in 10 years on that. So with her reputation as a painter all over, and on the Council of the Arts, and traveling to Las Vegas on that and with the marshal's office, and the supervisor position here, she knew an awful lot of people—besides, from the Legislative Council work, she knew all kinds of legislators, and so she knew an awful lot of people around Nevada. Of course, one of the highlights of her deal was one year

she was elected Woman of the Year by the Chamber of Commerce here, and a year or so later Distinguished Nevadan by the University of Nevada-Reno.

Did you ever have an interest in politics yourself?

No. My dad was in politics when I was young, and I saw him work overtime at nights and one thing and another in those days when the veterans come back from World War I. They could take up to 160 acres of farm land, and he had to handle all the applications. I saw a lot of them. He'd go up nights and work overtime and everything, trying to take care of all of them, and he still couldn't make some of them happy. I was only a teenager, but I almost had a big fight with one of these veterans in front of the pool hall one night because he was spouting off about Dad not doing things right, and I called him on it. But he didn't take me up on any fight or anything. I got disgusted with it, is all— didn't care much about it. I never have wanted to go into any politics.

When you came here in the late 1940s, casino gambling didn't dominate the economic and social identity of Carson City. What was most important, both in social and economic terms, in this city in the late 1940s?

I can't say. There was always lots of groups around here, like the different clubs and organizations. They always had lots of them going around Carson City. There were several bars in town, but there wasn't anything big at all until Richard L. Graves came in here and started up the Nugget. That expanded into a bigger thing, so the gambling really didn't dominate things around here at all. And, of course, there was a picture show at that time.

Were you and Thelma active in any particular church?

No, I wouldn't say we were active at all.

What about social clubs or fraternal organizations?

Well, Thelma was one of the early members of the Nevada Artists Association, and that was her main interest as far as clubs go. And she had been prominent in the garden club for a long time. I belonged to the Lions Club and served on the board of that for quite a while, and then was president for one year.

What did the 2 of you do for recreation?

For a long time we didn't have much time for it. Once in a while we took a trip, but most of the time that was up to Seattle, where my mother and sister and her husband lived. My mother was getting so old, and we figured we should go up and see her. Some of the good times we had occurred after I became director of the museum, attending museum conferences. Then we were able to go to San Francisco and the museum there and see the aquarium—go out behind the scenes and see how it all worked. We went to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles and Tucson, Arizona; and one of the highlights was a trip to Mexico City. Those were all delightful trips and interesting. Once in a while we were able to do some more on the way home, like coming home from Tucson, Arizona, we went up through the Grand Canyon, and Bryce Canyon and Zion National Park and down to St. George, Utah. With things like that, we got to travel around a lot and see things.

Early on in this interview you were telling me about how much you enjoyed life out of doors.

In fact, at one point you considered a career with the Forest Service. How does that desire to spend a lot of time out of doors fit in with what you did for 24 years as director of the museum? I guess you were able to spend a fair amount of time out of doors in the various digs that you attended.

Yes. Well, not only the digs, but the museum's mobile unit. The first trip with it we went down to Las Vegas, and then we went up the eastern side of Nevada, making dates for the mobile unit to come to the schools. So we saw those towns over there: Pioche and Ely and Pahrump and Elko and so forth. At that time we had the Western Speleological Institute [see Appendix] going, so Thelma and I stopped at Lehman Caves coming up. We had our 2 speleologists exploring there, and they just had a small generator outside and could only run part of the lights in the cave at one time. It was late in the afternoon and the boys were still in the cave. We talked to the ranger there, and he said, "Well, I'll tell you, I'll give you the key and tell you how to go in, but I want to take a shave. We're about to have dinner here." So he gave us the key and map, and Thelma and I started in.

You could only go part way and you come to what they called a "birthday cake" formation. Around behind that we found switches, and you switch off the lights from behind you and turn on the lights ahead of you. We did that, and we finally got to the end of it there. We hollered, and finally the boys come out through a hole in the wall. They had mapped that cave clear on, so that if they wanted to extend the tour, they could have you go clear through there and come out way at the top of the hill and then bus you back. They never have done that. I don't know what they ever did with all the plans. The boys made a big map of the whole thing, too, and

we gave it to the Park Service. But, anyway, we saw Lehman Caves that way—a tour all by ourselves. [laughter] Most weekends we tried to do something out of doors with the kids—ghost-towing, redwood forests, et cetera.

After living in many other places you settled down here. Did you ever look back and regret having decided to settle in Carson City?

No, we've always been very thankful that we did. It's been awful good to us. All of our deal was kind of serendipity, you know—taking things as we found them and making the best of it. We have always been very thankful that we settled here, because we've done so well and enjoyed it so much. It's been good to us.

BUILDING THE MINE EXHIBIT AND BECOMING MUSEUM DIRECTOR

I was working for Bell and Vannoy in 1948, but contracting got slow in the wintertime, and so I went up to build cabinets for J. E. “Tony” Green, the director of the State Museum. I think I found out about that job just through us getting acquainted with people and talking with them. You know how talkative Thelma is.... [laughter] She meets everybody and she knows all about them in just a little while, and so she gets acquainted with people all over. Also, Tony had several young people working up there, making casts for the mine rocks, and our son Jimmy was one of them. He put Jimmy to work for a while up there, so he knew I was a carpenter. I suppose he must have hit me up to build the cabinets or something in a conversation. We’d go up to the Old Corner Bar for a drink, and so you met everybody that you knew probably at one time or another there.

The reason I went to the museum was to build cabinets in the Gun Room for Tony Green. Tony wanted the whole thing flocked. I got the cabinets built and had to hurry up,

because this was another deadline deal when they wanted to open it up for Nevada Day or something—there was a deadline on it, anyway. It was coming close, and I got the cabinets built, and he wanted them flocked. He showed me how to do it; I didn’t know anything about flocking. I went ahead and got the whole thing done and ready. I cleaned the glass and put that back on, and that flocking had come loose. The glass had static on it, and you’d put the frame up there with the glass in it, and this flocking would just float right over and settle all over inside the glass. [laughter] If I didn’t have one horrible time that night! I was working at night trying to get the thing finished up.

Had you been in the museum before you got hired?

No!

Did you know anything about it?

No.

What about Judge Guild and Major Fleischmann? Did you know about them?

[Judge Clark J. Guild was born in Dayton, Nevada in 1887. He graduated from the University of Nevada, and was the auditor and recorder for Lyon County from 1908 to 1916. Guild was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1914. From 1924 to 1953 he served as District Court Judge for Nevada's Eighth (later redesignated First) District Court. Judge Guild founded the Nevada State Museum in 1939.

[Major Max C. Fleischmann was heir to a fortune derived from his family's founding of Fleischmann's Yeast and Standard Brands, upon whose board of directors he served. Long a resident of Santa Barbara, California, Major Fleischmann in 1935 moved to Nevada to take advantage of the state's favorable tax climate. He constructed a substantial mansion at Glenbrook, on the east shore of Lake Tahoe. Until his death in 1951 Fleischmann was a benefactor of many charities and public projects in Nevada, including the State Museum.—ed.]

I didn't know about the judge and the major. I just went to work building the cabinets. Then Tony had me build a bunch of the cages out in the zoo that he was making there. When I arrived, Tony was just getting the zoo started. He had a few birds, a hawk and an eagle, picketed out there, but I built the shelters for them. Then I built quite a large case for a couple of raccoons that he got, and smaller ones for an opossum, and he had a fawn deer there in the yard. I finally started taking care of all the animals, too, while I was doing the carpenter work.

There was this fence around the yard, you know, and all the tourists could come along the fence on the outside, and nobody could get in there. This large cage for the raccoons was right out close to the fence. I got in there one

day to change their feed or something, and the doggone door closed and locked on me, and I couldn't get out. Of course, this was after Tony had left, I think, that I was doing it all by myself—taking care of them. The building man, George Smith, and secretary, Audrey Bell, were clear over in the other end of the old building. I couldn't get word to them. So I was over at the door with my pocket knife, trying to work it in there, to try and work this lock. So here's the 2 raccoons climbing all over me, up on my shoulders and fishing in my pockets here. All these tourists on the outside of the fence thought it was a hell of a good show! [laughter] I guess they thought it was part of the act or something, because they were sure climbing over and looking in my hair and in my pockets and me trying to get that damn lock open. I finally did it after about 15 or 20 minutes and got out of it, but I put on quite a show for the tourists for a while there. It was rather embarrassing! [laughter]

The zoo was where the Clark J. Guild Hall is now. That section there was all just a fenced-in yard. Then there was a long annex went out from the main building; it was the boiler room for the old mint.

Did Tony Green ever mention to you what he had in mind with that zoo, what his long-range plans were for it?

Well, just as a children's zoo. How much he figured to put in there, I don't know, but I'm figuring mostly just the native animals from around here. You know—small things; quite a few of the animals and birds, both. He had eagles and hawks all eating meat. Of course, that would draw flies and a certain amount of odor, so some of the neighbors around there didn't like it too well. But the zoo didn't last long enough to really cause very much of an uproar.

How was he paying for all of this? Somebody had to buy the animals and pay for their upkeep and everything. Did the state...

No.

...or the museum board of trustees put money into this?

He was using a little of the Fleischmann money that was for the mine exhibit—the \$50,000 that Major Fleischmann had put out. Also, he wasn't buying much in the way of animals or anything. They were donated to him, like the fawn. Somebody found that fawn out and gave it to him, and the raccoons, and he had a hawk and an eagle. So he wasn't buying, I don't think, at all—just depending on donations for the animals. But he did have to put out some money for lumber and for building the cages and fixing it up that way, and the meat to feed them and so forth.

You mentioned that you wound up taking care of them after Tony Green left. Did he hire anybody to take care of them while he was still there, or was that something he did himself?

He did some of it himself, until when I was building the cages for him. I kind of worked into taking care of the animals, too. So he let me do it, I guess. I liked the animals. After he left I just kept on doing it to make out, because I knew he couldn't keep the thing there. The museum board of trustees decided to do away with it then. Of course, they didn't want it.

Judge Clark Guild was commonly acknowledged to be the founder of the museum. And certainly Major Max Fleischmann, who put up substantial sums of money at fairly regular intervals, was the chief sponsor of the museum

in a way. How did Fleischmann and Guild feel about the zoo? Were they consulted as to whether or not it should be put up?

They hadn't been consulted much, and that's one reason that Tony lost his job. He kept right on working on the zoo and putting money into it, and he was supposed to be concentrating on that mine exhibit. They wanted to get that done for Nevada Day, 1950.

What can you recall about the incidents surrounding Tony Green's firing? How did that occur?

Well, the main thing I know about it is probably what Judge Guild told me after I got close with him there and he was telling me how the museum was started and everything. I know Major Fleischmann was probably instrumental in pushing the thing. He didn't get along with Tony very much, because Tony wouldn't do what he wanted. I know one day down in the mine he was having a big argument with Tony, when I was back in there building cabinets. And I heard him shout something about, "Goddamn you, if you don't do this, why, I'm going to pistol whip you!" He always carried those pearl-handled pistols on him, you know.

That argument led to Tony's firing, or I suppose it had quite a bit to do with it, because it was shortly after that—at a museum board of trustees meeting, I think—that they decided to let him go. And as I say, I don't know anything about it, because I wasn't on the board or anything else. I just know what Judge Guild told me. It all amounted to the belief that Tony wasn't getting the mine done and was spending some of that money for other things. And he argued with the major too much about it, I guess.

Did you ever talk to Tony Green about this later on?

No. Tony left right after, as soon as they let him go. They asked me to take over and finish the mine. One of the things that they wanted to know when they put me in there was if I could finish it with what money was left. I don't remember just how much money was left...I think about \$30,000 of the original \$50,000 gift. I told them I thought I could. I didn't know a damn thing about it. [laughter] I just figured that maybe I could, but I didn't see any big complications. It was fairly started when I took over, and a lot of the problems had been worked out—getting the material and so forth.

Did they put you in charge of anybody when you took over the assignment of finishing the mine exhibit?

Well, the crew that was working, of course. I was in charge of all of it. They called me a supervisor. They put me on a salary because, of course, I was only on hourly wages like any carpenter before that. So they put me on a salary; I don't even remember what it was now. Then after I made out all right, got the mine opened up and everything, Tony made several visits to the museum, but he would never look me up. He'd go down and catch George Smith in the back end, or somebody like that, but he would never come and look me up around the museum. I guess he resented that I made good! [laughter]

When you took over the responsibility of finishing the mine exhibit, did you have any discussions either with Major Fleischmann or with Judge Guild about how they wanted this thing to proceed, or were you left on your own?

Oh, you got lots of instructions on what they wanted—suggestions is what they were more than anything. But you had just so much room there to do things. You had to put them in so it would look like a mine. A lot of their ideas were impractical; they just couldn't be done. The major'd come through on his way going to Reno or coming back from Reno. He always stopped, he was so interested in it, and he'd have several ideas in his head and I'd just listen to him and say yes and so forth, and go on building the mine. When he'd come back the next time, why, I'd have things done—not what he told me or anything, but I'd just go on ahead with the mine. Well, it just looked all right. It was all right. So it satisfied him, and he'd go on and come back once in a while with some other idea. I don't think I ever did carry out any of his ideas, but I got the mine done and it looked like a mine, so that everything satisfied him.

Can you recall any of the specific ideas that he had?

No. Not now. I don't think I paid that much attention to them, because I knew I couldn't do them.

Well, he happened to come in one day when we were trying to outfit the figure of the man at the hoist down in the museum. And Debs Longero said, "Yeah, I need a pair of suspenders for this guy." So the major took off and went down to the Cash Mercantile and bought a pair of suspenders. Then he was coming back up the sidewalk on the main street, and he ran across this old fellow with a pair of dirty, sweat-stained suspenders on. He stopped him right in the street there and traded suspenders with him, on the street, and brought back these old sweat-stained and

dirty ones so it'd look all right down in the mine. He was just an impulsive character like that. [laughter]

When Judge Guild was trying to interest the major in subsidizing the proposed mine exhibit he had gone up to Glenbrook a time or two. Once they were having a board of trustees meeting, and Fleischmann came in with his little deal of some cigar boxes and some plaster put in them as a model of what he thought was a mine. And he said, "Is this what you fellows want?"

They looked at it...and William Donovan was there, too; he's the miner. [Donovan was on the museum board of trustees. He had operated precious metal mines in several places over the years. At the time he owned a mine in Silver City, Nevada.—ed.] So the judge said, "The meeting is adjourned right now! Bill, you're going to take us up to Silver City and let the major see what a real mine looks like." So they all went up to Silver City, and Donovan took the major in the mine and showed him what a mine looked like. So then he got the idea. Then he put up the \$50,000 to get going on it. And, as I say, he was really interested.

He had put up the money before for all those dioramas. He wanted the best of everything on that, and so he hired a technician at the Academy of Science in San Francisco or someplace there. It was Cecil Tose's father who started them. He took the contract to do them, and then he died and Cecil finished it. They would build them down there and bring them up and put them in here. The major paid for all that, too.

I get the impression that it was more or less Major Fleischmann and Judge Guild who were determining what the museum would look like, what exhibits would be in it and so forth?

Pretty much. None of the others ever put up any money for it. The judge raised all the money from the Fleischmann outfit, and then old Carl Jacobsen over at Ely left him quite an estate, too.

Well, apparently, at least during the planning stage, the major and Judge Guild had different ideas about what the mine exhibit ought to look like.

Yes, evidently.

These are 2 very strong-willed personalities.

Yes.

Did they ever disagree after the thing was under construction, about the detail of it?

Not that I know of. Not in any way. The judge, of course, had seen some mines, but the actual timbering and doing the mines and everything, why, neither one of them knew a great lot about that. They had to leave that to the miners.

Did you feel that you had enough independence to produce the kind of mine that ought to be produced, then?

Oh, yes. They never did bother me much then. I had pretty much full rein on building the mine. And, of course, I had a couple of good miners there to discuss things with. All they had to know was what we wanted, and they could go ahead and put in the timber and put in the rock casts the way they should be—the way the blasted rock looks down in the mine, you know. The main trouble that I had there was trying to get them painted, and I had to do all that by myself.

They paid for me to go down to Santa Barbara for 2 weeks once to see the preparator down there and see how things were done. This was done at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, which was something else that had been funded by Max Fleischmann. I learned how to use plaster and the casting and painting and all such things that go into making those dioramas. But it didn't help me on painting the mine any, because when they wanted to paint a surface to look like rock, they took a paint brush and cut it off short in the bristles and flipped it to spot around. But you couldn't do that with all those big areas in the mine. So I kept trying to experiment with something. You couldn't use a spray gun on the compressor, because that just made a fine spray, and I couldn't figure out anything that way. Finally I got these Hudson fly spray guns that you pump, and I started using those, and that worked just perfect. You could make a fine spray or you could just open it a little bit and make large dots and go over it and get 2 or 3 of those with the different colors in. You could put them on there, and it'd blend the colors and work fine for making granite and the different rocks that we wanted down there.

I don't think we had any other problems in the construction of the mine. After I got on to making the rock look like rock, everything went along fine. Putting in the timber wasn't any problem much. A lot of it was.. we got logs and framed it. Some of the old timber we got from the Comstock. By then they had started open pit mining up there. They would dig into these old stopes, and it was easy to get a lot of that old timber out of there. We put that in for that caved-in set.

Bill Donovan got much of the mine machinery and rails for the track and mining cars and things like that. We put those in there...and the liners and the stopers and the

jackhammer. I don't think it all came from his mine, but he knew lots of miners around, and could get it.

Did you feel that you had enough time to complete the mine if they wanted to open it on Nevada Day of 1950?

Well, we had to do a little rushing on that. I used to go up and work nights quite a bit of the time, and work Sundays when nobody else was there, to get the work done— especially on all that painting of the rock, getting that figured out and getting them painted. Thelma used to help me. She came up and cast the hands for the hoistmen, because they had to have them on those controls. There was a lot of little ways like that that she helped out on it.

Whose hands did she use for the mold?

Mine.

So you're immortalized up there, then, huh?
[laughter]

Well, there's a lot of us are. We had to make face masks, you know. I had to make molds of people's faces. There's quite a few people around that are faces on the mannequins there. I don't know if we made some with Debs Longero and.... I know Patricia's hair is on one guy up there—my daughter, a redhead. The guy making primers in there was named Waldo, somebody from the Santa Barbara museum.

Did you ever mold anything off of either Major Fleischmann or Judge Guild?

No. I don't think they'd have stayed quiet enough for making a mold on their face, you know.

During the construction of the mine exhibit, was anything else being built? Were you concentrating exclusively on the mine exhibit, or was there some other activity underway in the museum?

No. We worked exclusively on that, practically; we didn't do anything else.

With practically everybody who was there working on that full time, how did you handle the visitors who would come to see the exhibits daily?

Well, the front door was open. They could just go through the museum. There wasn't anything much to it then, except just the old building. There was a museum right across from the office, which is now the Coin Room where the coins are. The dioramas were around that room, and then all the heads around that room were those of African animals that the major had donated. There was quite a bit of the Mineral Room there. The big long room where we finally put in a Paleontology Room was all a bird collection from a lady in Fallon that did taxidermy work. The major got a hold of that, and that was all birds. And the annex running back from the old building was all historical exhibits that Dick and Tony had put in before I ever got there. So there was some museum to see for the tourists, but there was just the secretary in the office there, and the tourists would come in and go through the museum.

Were you ever called in front of the board to discuss progress on the mine? Were you asked to attend the board meetings or have any role in that at all?

Not that I remember.

I'm trying get some idea of how the administration of the museum worked.

They had a board there, but the major and the judge had more of the say-so on everything. The board would have their meetings, but they never did call me in that I recollect for any report or anything, because any time they wanted to see what was going on they could come right down and look! [laughter] Which they all did, of course. So as long as everything was going along and making progress, and everybody seemed to be happy, there was no need for me to go up and make any report to them or anything like that.

As I understand it, you were made supervisor in 1950. I know that sometime in 1951 you became the director of the museum. Would that have been before or after the mine was completed? Can you recall?

I can't really recall whether I was supervisor or director then when we opened the mine.

Do you recall whether or not your salary changed with the change in title?

I think it did go up a little bit, because I went on the state payroll when they made me director.

And prior to that you had been paid by the trustees out of Fleischmann money?

Mostly, yes. See, Major Fleischmann had donated quite a block of Standard Brands stock that they were getting quite an income from, as well as the special things that he had donated money for, like the mine and so forth. So they had quite a little income that the state

had nothing to do with. They could spend it any way they wanted to.

Well, during that interim period then when you were the supervisor, there must have been nobody on the state payroll working in the museum. Is that correct?

Well, I think the secretary was.

And the others were all on Fleischmann money?

Yes.

You were asked to take over the job of finishing the mine, and you were made the supervisor in order to do that. Obviously, becoming director of the museum means somewhat of a change in responsibilities. It's no longer exclusively the mine. Did they contact you about that? I don't even know who "they" would be.

Well, of course, as supervisor I was taking care of the whole thing, too—seeing that it was kept clean, and the janitor work or anything that went wrong. When I took over as director there really wasn't much change. I just kept doing the work there. The only change was that instead of working down in the mine, we were working up in the galleries putting in exhibits.

I'm still a little vague about how you became director, though. It would seem to me that someone had to suggest it.

Well, I suppose the judge did...I don't know...at the board meeting.

He hadn't discussed this with you?

Not that I can remember. The only thing I remember is my wife and I talking over

whether I wanted to stay there, or whether I wanted to go back in the construction business, because I could make more money in construction right at that time. But we decided that maybe something steady would be better, and so decided that I should take it.

In 1949 the state legislature passed the act permitting the museum to become a self-governing body and to carry on its work through memberships, with trustees elected from the membership. You had been here for a couple of years at that time; do you recall anything about the passage of that and how it might have affected the way things were run in the museum?

No, I don't. It doesn't seem to me that anything changed much, because the way they were operating, I think the legislature must have just made it authentic.

* * * * *

We opened the mine exhibit on Nevada Day of 1950, and didn't know how things would work. I had plenty of people—I think I had about 3 people down in the mine besides the major. Another man was at the head of the stairs, regulating the flow down into the mine and letting probably 8 or 10 at a time go through and then holding them up, because there were so many went through that day that it was quite a jam around there. The major spent an awful lot of his time at the exit, asking people how they liked it. The other people around in the mine had quite a bit of fun standing there real still. And with the mannequins in the mine, why, people would think they were another mannequin standing there. One woman come up to Phil Orr, and he almost scared her to death. She came real

close to his face, looking at him, to see if he was real, and he started blinking his eyes, and [laughs] scared her pretty much. Otherwise, everything went fine.

Was the major dressed in a uniform?

Well, just his regular jacket that he wore and his pistols.

He wore his pistols?

Oh, yes. Sure. He wore those all the time. [laughter]

Judge Guild stayed upstairs in the office greeting people. A lot of the old-timers came in, and they were happy with the way things went and that everybody was so pleased with the thing.

We were working on the mine pretty much till the day before opening to have everything ready. I don't remember any troubles or anything about it.

We didn't have any glass in any of the exhibits at that time. We were trying to make it look as authentic as possible, you know. But we finally had to put in glass because of things like.... There was a convention of bankers in town here, and all the wives came to the museum to see it and went down through the mine. One of the staff came along while they were down there, and one of the women was inside that caved-in set passing out the candlesticks and old spikes and things in there as souvenirs to the rest of the gang. So we found that with too many souvenir hunters, we had to put glass in all the exhibits within a year after the mine had opened.

Once the mine opened, it was considered to be complete. It was pretty much the way it still is. In fact, the mine exhibit is run down a little bit right now. They haven't kept up some of the exhibits, like the black light in

the scheelite set—tungsten—where the people could pull the handle down, and then the incandescent light would go out and the black light would go on and show all the tungsten around in the rock. The lights in the little model square set are out, and they haven't fixed that. Some things like that they haven't kept up very well; they got busy with all their other exhibits. It's one of those things where it's very seldom that anybody'll even make a tour through and see how things are.

Did you used to tour through regularly?

Yes, I used to. And, of course, the other people did, too; they were real interested in it. One time Walter Long was down there doing some work, and these kids came through and went on past him in toward the back of the mine. He heard them plotting a bunch of mischief back there, so he went back and come around the corner, and the kids took off out through the exit. One of them got away, but Walter caught one of them—took him by the coat collar and marched him clear down Main Street to the police station, which was in the basement of the courthouse at that time—marched the kid clear down the Main Street to the police station!

What was he planning to do?

Oh, I don't know. We had quite a bit of trouble with kids defacing things down there—taking a car off the track or anything that they could think of to vandalize...scraping the paint off the rocks, which showed the plaster. We'd have to repair them.

The mine exhibit had quite an impact over the years. We never did advertise it or anything, but time and time again people would say that they heard about it from some

friend or relative: "You must stop in Carson City and see that museum and the mine in the basement." So I'm sure that that was a great drawing card for the museum.

Most of the upkeep required has been because of vandalism. The only alteration worth mentioning is...around the corner, the first set that you come to is the man on the liner. When they put the coin press in upstairs and wanted to start using it, why, it would be pounding so much that they went down there and robbed part of that set to put in extra posts under the floor to hold the press upstairs. They also poured cement to stand the pounding when the press was operated.

Once the ceremony was completed and the mine was opened, what did the museum staff turn to next? Were you able to relax for a while, or did you immediately take on a new project?

Well, Debs had been working in the mine, and there was no more work for him. Of course, I kept George Smith on as a building supervisor, superintendent or something, to take care of everything. And right after that was when they sent me to Santa Barbara. I was down there for a couple of weeks with the preparators.

The trustees were all impressed with those dioramas that the major had had made in San Francisco with Cecil Tose. I was able to convince them that we could make dioramas, too. They gave me permission to hire a taxidermist, and I hired Fred Holley. I think he came from Arizona—originally from New York—and he was a dandy. He could make any animal or bird or anything look so natural you'd swear it was alive. In fact, most of those small critters up there in the cases were done

by Fred. At that time there was a 41-pound cutthroat trout that had been the record that was caught in Pyramid Lake. It was in a big, plastic, tube-like jar full of formaldehyde. It'd been in that for years, and just as hard as a rock from the formaldehyde. Fred took that out and worked with it, got it softened up, took the skin off it, made the form and mounted it. And it's still up there as a display in the exhibits.

Major Fleischmann died in 1951. Did that have any immediate impact on the museum?

Not particularly that I remember, because the Fleischmann Foundation took right over, and we were getting funds from them every year. So I don't know if there was any great change at all in anything.

Of course, you relied heavily upon him for funding. Did you have any idea that the foundation would continue the level of funding that he'd established? You know, as it turns out, they actually funded you for a far greater amount than Major Fleischmann ever did in his own lifetime. The foundation, I think, eventually put up about three-quarters of a million dollars for the museum in the period from 1951 to the end of the 1960s, whereas Major Fleischmann himself, from 1942 or so up through 1951, had contributed about \$80,000. Ultimately, you didn't suffer one bit, but I think it would have been hard to predict that.

Well, that was up to the judge, of course, and he was such a friend of the major's, and the major having such an interest in the museum, why.... I made out budgets, as far as that goes, and then we'd turn in a request to them for the money.

We didn't have much money for the exhibits after the mine was completed, and we wanted to fix up the Historical Room upstairs. They just had old store cases from a jewelry store that set right down on the floor. They were no good for museum work, so I started making bases for these that would raise them up off the floor, so they'd be more satisfactory for museum exhibits. We had no money for lumber or anything; I salvaged lumber from all over the old mint building—old shelving they had in there, bins, and one thing and another. It was all good lumber because it was first-class pine that was run in the sawmills up at Glenbrook, with very few knots in it or anything else. It'd be high-priced lumber these days. So that took up quite a bit of time, with George and I working at that for a while, till we started creating museum departments. Then I hired Nancy Bordewich as a technician, and she painted backgrounds in the cases and dioramas.

We built all those new cases in the Historical Room in the old annex. We put in various exhibits, instead of like so many historical societies in those days which would just put out a string of items, probably 50 percent of them without any labels on what they were. We segregated them; we didn't try to keep them in somebody's special collection and show the whole collection. We wanted to show some part of the pioneer life. Then we had a bunch of old dresses; we made regular mannequins for those and then cast the regular hands and faces of the women from some of the crew. We put the old dresses on those mannequins and had an exhibit of the old dresses.

We were trying to get the inaugural dresses of the various governors' wives. Marge Russell donated hers. We were going to make moulage casts of their faces, and make wax

faces for the women. We had Marge Russell in to put moulage all over her face, and we laid her out there to make the mask. We found out when she got through that she was just scared to death and almost died in the whole thing because it gave her claustrophobia. I guess she had a very bad experience with the whole thing. I think we got another dress or so, but never were able to carry out the idea of making masks of all these people and putting them on display.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RESEARCH AND TEACHING MISSIONS

WINNEMUCCA LAKE CAVES

Peggy Wheat [Margaret M. Wheat] is an anthropologist who was already cooperating with the museum when I came there. She was a great friend of Dick Miller, who had been the director before. So I just got acquainted with her then, and she came in and reported several things. Peggy came in one day in 1951 and reported some pothunters vandalizing the caves out on the east side of Lake Winnemucca. So the trustees got Phil C. Orr up from the Santa Barbara Museum; he was their archaeologist and paleontologist.

We went out there to see about it, and were looking over the caves. Then coming back from the caves we had to go up a draw and around the north end of the lake. Going up this draw, we met a car coming down, and it was Marge and her husband—I can't think of their last name now. They were doing the pothunting in the caves, coming over the mountain there from Lovelock. So we sat in the draw there—the wind blowing through there; and it was awful cold that day—and

talked to them. Marge got out of her car with a pistol when she met us. We talked to them for quite a while there, and Phil was able to convince them of the scientific value of the thing. They finally agreed that the museum could go ahead and excavate. Then they used to come over and visit us and even had us over once for dinner in Lovelock! [laughter]

The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) was supposed to enforce the law on pothunters. [The federal Preservation of American Antiquities Act of 1906—ed.] They wouldn't do a thing; they had no interest in it at all. And the highway department, we asked them to report any finds on their excavating, and they were afraid that we would stop their progress. In fact, I know a contractor out of Fallon that gave orders that any man on his crew that reported anything would be fired. And now the BLM has a whole crew of archaeologists coming out in the paper with all these wonderful discoveries they have made—which is nothing but a repeat of the discoveries that have already been made by the regular archaeologists doing

work here, clear from Mark Harrington and Lewellyn L. Loud on through to what we did. And the highway department also has their archaeologists now.

Whose idea was it to bring Phil Orr over to Nevada? Was that Major Fleischmann's?

Yes, because he was acquainted with the Santa Barbara Museum so much. And he propositioned Mr. Arthur Coggeshall, who was the director of the Santa Barbara Museum. They loaned Phil to us for a couple of summers. We just worked out there at Lake Winnemucca in the summers, from 1952 through 1954.

I used to go out with Phil to work—take a couple of weeks and work with him out there. He had his wife, Mildred, out sometimes, and one time I took Thelma out with me to get a load of material that he had there. You had to go around the north end of the old Lake Winnemucca to get in there—over a little pass that dropped into a dry wash that came down to the lake, and go around the corner there in the hillside to the caves. Up that dry wash a ways was a line cabin for the cowboys to use in their roundup, and we were staying in that.

We got ready to leave next morning and came down with Phil and Mildred, and we split with them where we went over around the north end of the lake. They went on down to the caves to work. We got over the little pass to the north end of the lake, and there had been a cloudburst. I had this whole truckload of mummies from the dig—4 or 5 of them in the truck—and we'd come to a place about 3 or 4 feet wide and 1 to 2 feet deep, and I'd have to knock down the banks and get the truck down in it and follow that till I could get out. We did that time and time again, got around clear to where we would cross over to get on

the highway, and the whole playa there was flooded with water. I was afraid to get out in it, because it softens the playa within and you get stuck. So we had to work the truck around and work our way clear back up through all of that.

We finally come over the pass late in the afternoon, 4:00 or 5:00, and we'd started out at 9:00 that morning. We met Phil and Mildred coming up from the dig, and went back up to the cabin with them and had a cup of coffee. We wanted to find out if there was another way out. Well, the maps that Phil had ended right the other side of this line cabin, so there was no way of knowing, but I knew that if I headed east far enough, I could probably come out on Highway 40. It was starting to get dusk, and Thelma and I took off from there with this load of mummies and went up on top. Crossing over to the other range you come to roads going in all directions. I would just get out and study them and figure out which way to go on it, that I would keep the direction I wanted to go. So we'd take off again.

We came to one place where the whole road was covered with water coming down off this gentle slope there. The water had washed out gullies about a foot or so wide and a foot or two deep, about 50 feet apart, and flooded the road. It was getting dark, so I got up on the side of the road and told Thelma to hang on, and I revved up the pickup and started to cross there, jumping each one of these ditches [laughter] with those mummies bouncing around in the back. Of course, I was hanging on to the car, and I got across all of this layout about the length of a football field, and I looked over and Thelma is down on the floor there with her hat off and pretty well messed up. [laughter] But we got across it all right.

We went up, went over and we got to a sign that said, "Rattlesnake Pass," over Ragged

Top Mountain. We went over the top of that and started down the gulch on the other side, and that road was all washed out. You'd go along where it was flat for a ways and then it'd drop off about 4 feet and get down in there, or ease the truck down and go down a ways and there'd be another one. We got down there quite a ways doing that. It was pitch dark then. Finally there was a little string of lights way off down over there in the valley, and Thelma said, "What's that?"

I said, "Well, if I'm right, that's one of the passenger trains going through." And it was. So we got down in the bottom there and hit Highway 40 and came on in. We got in about 1:30 that night, after starting out at 9:00 in the morning on a trip that usually took about 2 1/2 hours. [laughter]

What condition were the mummies in?

It didn't seem to hardly hurt them any. We'd packed them well. [laughter] They rode all right on all of that.

I think it was about 3 years that we went on with that particular dig. We had a couple of Indian boys working for us out there one year, and one of them was pretty good at making points. Thelma was out there with me, and we were getting everything ready to bag it up, and this kid came to Thelma: "I don't know what to do." He had made a little effigy—carved it out of the tufa and tossed it into the rocker. [A rocker is a device used by archaeologists to separate objects from the dirt, sand or detritus in which they may be found.—ed.] Phil Orr got ahold of this thing and he was all excited, because nobody had ever found the Paiutes making one of those things before! [laughter] The kid come to Thelma and he didn't know what the hell to do, because he didn't want Phil to go on thinking it was authentic, but he didn't want to tell him. Finally she had to

alert Phil to what the kid had been doing. [laughter] He made real good points, too, just as good as any you'd find out there.

One year out there the National Geographic Society co-sponsored the dig with us and put up some of the money. They sent a man out there to take pictures, and he stayed with us for quite a while. He had cameras hanging around his neck and was shooting pictures of everything. But evidently they decided not to use it, because nothing ever came of it. They never did have it in the magazine.

We found a lot of interesting things all right, and Phil put out a couple of little pamphlets on it. But one of my big disappointments was that I could never get him to write up a good report on the thing. He was always delaying; he wanted more information and so forth, and we had some good dates on the radiocarbon dates on the layout. Wally [Wallace] Broecker of the Lamont Geological Observatory at Columbia University was with us out there. He was very interested in it and was doing the carbon 14 dating for us. We had dates that took us back around the 10,000 year figure. See, that tufa is formed by an alga, so it was organic, and he could date that, too. And he was dating the different levels of the old Lake Lahontan with the carbon 14 dating, so that we knew the dates there, too. It would have been a pretty good feather in our cap if I could've gotten out a good publication on the whole thing, but Phil seemed to be kind of reluctant. Phil wasn't a college graduate or anything—a self-made archaeologist and so forth. He and some other fellows in California had been suggesting this 10,000 to 12,000 year date for man coming into the North American continent, and the established archaeologists at universities were pooh-poohing the idea—like Robert F. Heizer and those fellows. [Dr.

Robert F. Heizer was acknowledged to be the leading archaeologist of western North America. Raised in Lovelock, Nevada, he was on the faculty at Berkeley in 1950 when he began substantial research into the prehistory of Nevada and the Great Basin.—ed.] Heizer just figured on about 4,000 years ago that man came in across the Bering Strait. It would have been a feather in our cap to get it published on that early date, and then he delayed it so damn long that finally Texas came out with the date ahead of us. [laughter] There wasn't any use in it—Phil never did publish. He wanted me to take over on this, and that's one of the reasons that I started up the Truman-Orr Foundation. [See Appendix.]

Phil didn't know what to do with the money remaining in the Western Speleological Society fund after his stroke. I wrote to him and was going to resign from the Western Speleological deal, but he wanted me to hang on. So the best thing I could come up with for the money that was left—about \$81,000—was to set up this foundation and name it after Truman, who donated most of the original money, and Phil—the Truman-Orr Foundation. We went ahead and hired an attorney and we elected Thelma as a member, too. See, there was only Phil and I left of the whole layout. Judge Guild and Coggeshall had died, and Julius Bergen resigned, so Phil and I were the only ones left.

We needed 3 to carry on the business, so we elected Thelma. I got an attorney and had him set up the whole thing and change it to the foundation through telephone meetings with Phil. Then we started getting the funds that he had invested in Santa Barbara banks as they would mature. He had them mostly in certificates of deposit and as they would mature we had them transferred up here. We only have one left now to transfer. It comes early next year.

We set it up so that we can make donations out of the income. The first year, we had about \$6,000 accumulated that we could use. I hit up the museum on them giving us an estimate on what they wanted to do and how they could use it. Once before when Phil started telling me all this stuff, he wanted to send up the material he had down at Santa Barbara for study—some mummies and an awful lot of basketry and everything else that we'd excavated. I sent Don Tuohy down to get it. We set up a program to study all this material and number it and catalog it, and they're going to put it in the computer. Tuohy hired a graduate student from Oregon, and got all of that done. And then the next year, we had about \$10,000 accumulated, so he wanted to finish this cataloging and computer deal and prepare it for publication. That's what they're doing now with that money—Early Man in Nevada.

AN EMERGING OPERATIONAL PHILOSOPHY

At first I didn't attend the museum board meetings. It was quite a while before they wanted me to attend the meetings and report. The judge did all the reporting.

That's interesting. I wasn't aware of that. I've made an assumption that I probably shouldn't have made, which was that a board meeting would necessarily have the director of the museum present. When did you begin attending those board meetings?

I have no idea just when. It must have been in the 1960s, someplace through there, that I finally started attending.

You may not have had very much to do with that end of things in the 1950s, but obviously you had an important role in determining the

priorities of the museum. How active was Judge Guild in trying to determine what the museum should be doing from year to year?

Well, the judge had some ideas from having seen the Santa Barbara Museum and some others, of course, but after we got going and he got the faith in me, why, there wasn't any trouble much on it. Once in a while, when I would propose something.. see, I always took up anything with the judge, because he was right there all the time after he retired from the bench. He had his office there, and so I'd always talk things over with him. Once in a while, he would say, "Well.... I don't know." So I would just go on and let it go for a while, and then possibly I'd come in to talk to him sometime, and he'd say, "Jim, I've been thinking, now, we should do this and that," and [laughs] so we'd have it come through all right.

He'd just go ahead and tell you to do what you had already wanted to do? [laughing]

It was his idea, then, see. So it would work out all right, anyway. So the judge and I got along fine. I didn't care about any of the publicity. He got all of that on any of the exhibits that went in. We had hired Guy Shipler to do the PR stuff, to make out the releases for the paper. Of course, the judge was always credited with everything, which is the way it should be because if it hadn't been for him there wouldn't be such a thing up there! So we got along fine. He just depended on me to go ahead and get everything done. I had had so much experience in so many different things that I could make plans and draw the plans up architecturally and make estimates on costs and everything like that. It took a lot of weight off his shoulders, and we always came out all right on it.

During the 1950s our most important effort was trying to get all these scientific departments started. Archaeology and biology were the 2 departments that I wanted to keep going more than anything else. Now, I had pressure put on me to start a geology department. One guy that was working for me there, George Wilson, had a degree in geology. He wanted to start a geology department, but they had that over at the university; why should I start it here? Another fellow wanted me to start up mineralogy. Of course, we had lots of minerals, but I figured I could get in an expert from the university or someplace to take care of the mineral part of it, the identification and that. Why start up a whole department?

Mining companies had put up money for a mineral exhibit in the early days. The minerals were already there; all we did was put in better specimens if we acquired some, like that. We just wanted the minerals mostly for exhibit, or available for somebody if they wanted to come in and study them, but we didn't need a new department in that. So I figured our money should go to keep the biology, archaeology and exhibit departments going. That was enough for us for quite a while, and that's still all they have going, practically.

The decision to bring in some trained research professionals, such as Phil Orr and later Dr. Richard Shutler, was a decision that changed the thrust of the museum from what it had been before—from primarily a building in which to exhibit things that had been collected by other people into a combination of an exhibit area and a research environment. That's a rather important decision. Can you think back and recall any of the discussions that may have taken place surrounding that? Tell me something about who decided that

was the course that ought to be taken by the museum.

Well, I'm not much on tooting my own horn, but.... Of course, I hadn't been in museums or anything before going down to Santa Barbara and seeing that one and what the exhibits were. My impression then was that a museum should be a place of research and education as well as just showing the exhibits. I had learned from seeing other museums and going to museum conferences, talking to people, that a museum, rather than just being a dull place with exhibits, should do a lot of research work and supply a lot of services—educational mostly. That's what I started to aim for, and I think the museum was developing pretty much on the idea that I had for it from the start.

Judge Guild and Clara Beatty, director of the Nevada Historical Society, were kind of on the outs all the time. Clara thought that the museum was going ahead too much, and the major was putting up money for the museum and said that he wouldn't give the Historical Society a damn thing. Then the judge was claiming that Clara should keep her nose out of the museum business...so things weren't very good there. My idea was to have the Historical Society be the main institution for history, and the museum go in more to the scientific end of it—the biology and the archaeology and all of that.

Of course, the Historical Society had received quite a few artifacts from the excavation of Lovelock Cave by the University of California. Every time we'd come out with some press releases on our digs at Winnemucca Cave or someplace, why, Clara'd come out with some of her collection over there from Lovelock Cave. By that time some of that information was wrong—the scientists had changed ideas on it—but she'd still print

it in the paper! [laughs] You know, like the giant Indians and the red-headed Indians and all of that. Well, there wasn't any giants; there might be an extra tall fellow once in a while, like there is in any bunch of people. And as far as the red-headed Indians, in those dry caves and with the chemical changes black hair turns red. So that was the red-headed Indians! [laughter]

Of course, I couldn't come right out and take sides or anything, but the crew of the Historical Society were good friends with me, see. We cooperated back and forth a lot, unbeknownst to Clara and the judge, I guess. [laughter] I don't know how it come about, but even before Clara and the judge died, we finally got so that we could help them out and build some exhibits for them. So we were happy to go ahead and do that. We wanted to help out. We also helped out the Elko museum, made the exhibit cases for them, put together exhibits.

THE MOBILE MUSEUM

One of the ideas that was put forward in that period that bore fruit in 1953 was the idea of a mobile museum. Who thought that one up?

Well, Thelma and I pretty much. We'd been to several museum conferences, and we saw these little deals where they just had a little van fixed up to probably take to schools around the cities, you know. So we got the idea with the far-flung schools all over Nevada here that if the museum could take a part of the museum to the schools, it would be educational. I got the dimensions on a house trailer, what it would be, and drew up the plans for the cases in it and talked it over with the judge. He was all for it.. anything that we could get the word of the museum around the state. Then he was

always interested in the education of the kids, too.

They gave me permission to go ahead with it. I went down to Los Angeles, where there were several outfits building trailers, and I found one, a Columbia something-or-other, who would take a unit off the assembly line and then work on it special, putting in the cases and so forth. I made a deal with them, and they made the mobile unit and brought it up to us. We had a station wagon, and we put a hitch on that and started out.

I got Mike Shaughnessy to take it to the schools in Reno for a trial run of it. It worked good. So then I looked around for a fellow that could handle an outfit like that, hauling the trailer around and backing it in to places and things, you know. I got Pete Herlan, and Pete took the job; he was on a concrete gang there working for a contractor. He came to work, took the mobile unit around the state.

I found out that Pete had a degree in biology from the University of Washington. That gave me the idea of us getting the biology department started. So when Pete got through with his run for the season on the mobile unit, we started planning for a biology department. Pete was all enthusiastic about that, of course. So that's the way that one originated.

Later on, when it came to they were busing all the kids into consolidated schools and everything in the late 1960s, and the mobile unit wasn't of much use any more, we hit on this idea of making loan cases for the schools—small, portable cases that could be sent around. We tried them out in the schools up here, and the teachers went for them in a big way. We had over 100 made up.

RECRUITING BENEFACTORS

It must have cost quite a bit of money to put the mobile unit together. Did money have to

be raised specially, or did the Fleischmann Foundation pick up the tab? Did Judge Guild go out and raise money?

I think it came mostly out of foundation funds, although Judge Guild was always trying to find ways to get people to donate to the museum. The boards of trustees generally went along with what the judge wanted to do, so he was instrumental in appointing the members of the board. He tried to get these fellows that had lots of connections with the public, like Tom Wilson with all his advertising and Joe Wells with his transfer outfit and William Peccole in Las Vegas had a lot of influence and Clayton Phillips with his insurance companies—people like that, that he thought might interest some of their clients in leaving a bequest in their will to the museum when they died or something like that, see. Not a one of them ever come through with anything. That was one of his big disappointments.

Even though you were not attracting a lot of private donors, apparently you were comfortable in the belief that annually the Fleischmann Foundation would subsidize the museum to a degree that would make operations and progress possible. Is that correct?

Yes, we were pretty confident of it all the time—especially with the judge alive and doing all the PR work on it. I had nothing much to do with that except making out the overall budget for the state presentation, and then the budget for all of our scientific work, of course. We would ask the foundation for so much of that sum. For some of the archaeology work we got grants from the National Science Foundation, things like that. But that was up to the department head, like Richard Shutler, to make out the request and send it in. It would

just have to be signed by the director or the chairman of the board or something.

The judge did run across old Carl Jacobsen in Ely and got him interested in the museum. Carl left quite a bunch of money to the museum after his wife finally died, but that's the only one that ever came through with anything. He made Carl a trustee, you know, after that. He was on the board for quite a while.

Oh, Carl donated the money first and then was made a trustee?

Well, he gave us a lot of his collection over there first—a lot of minerals and Indian artifacts and one thing and another. He got interested good that way. I went over and picked up all the material from him, and they were very nice people. Had breakfast with them before we'd leave in the morning, and old Carl would always come out with his aquavit, that Danish drink...something like tequila, you know, just hotter than hell! [laughs] Have a shot before breakfast! [laughter] And then the judge put Carl on the board, and he'd always make it over for the board meetings. Poor old guy died of cancer later in Salt Lake.

COLLECTING NEVADA WILDLIFE SPECIMENS

Another area in which the museum became active right around 1953 and 1954 was in the collecting of bird, mammal, insect and fish life and so forth. I believe that you hired a Frederick Holley, who had formerly been with Syracuse University, and made him curator of mammalogy and ornithology about that time.

Fred Holley? Well, we just gave Fred a title. He was a taxidermist, and he didn't actually

do anything except the taxidermy work there. The exhibit technicians did all the exhibit work and dioramas and everything like that. Fred just mounted all the animals and birds and went out and collected them and so forth. I think it was just a kind of a title when we first started there that we gave him in that report.

That suggests, then, that there was no orderly approach to research into the animal life of Nevada. One gets the impression that there was a kind of comprehensive effort to collect animal life from all over the state.

Well, there was.

Who directed that? If Mr. Holley were just the taxidermist, he would hardly be the one, I think, to direct something like that, would he?

Well, he didn't direct it or anything; he was pretty much on his own on collecting the stuff that was needed, because we didn't want to collect more than was needed. Fred just kind of judged that himself and went out and did quite a bit of collecting. Pete Herlan did a lot of the bird collecting for him after he started in as the curator of biology.

Did either of them ever run afoul of any state or federal laws concerning what animals can be collected and cannot?

No. We always got permission from whatever state or federal department had charge of it. We got permission from the feds to take an antelope, and Pete and I went up to the Shelton Antelope Refuge. The ranger there took us out to it in his 4-wheel-drive vehicle, and we got a good buck antelope that day; brought it back for mounting in the museum.

Also, when Phil was here we were making the survey and taking a lot of samples of the

tufa to send back to Wally Broecker at the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University. We wanted to get samples of the tufa on Anaho Island out there. Nobody's allowed on there on account of it's a big rookery for the pelicans and cormorants and gulls. The fish and game man took us across in his boat to the island, and we got to go all over the island taking samples of tufa on the different levels. They always cooperated with us, whatever we wanted to do—all these departments, except the highway department—on archaeology and paleontology.

EXCAVATIONS AT LOST CITY

In the mid-1950s there was a study of Lost City, Pueblo Grande, guided by Dr. Richard Shutler. It was sponsored in part by the Nevada State Museum, wasn't it?

Yes. I'd kind of forgotten all about that, and I don't remember too much about it now. I think that's when I really got acquainted with Dick Shutler. He had taken on this deal with the Park Service and, I guess, the Valley of Fire and Lost City. The museum cooperated as they could, and just what it was, I don't remember. That's when I really got acquainted with Dick, and then hired him as the archaeologist for the museum afterward. He was at the University of Arizona at that time.

I was hoping you'd be able to remember a little bit about this. It seems to me from the reading that I've done that this is the first major move into southern Nevada by the Nevada State Museum—your making a real effort to do some work of importance to that part of the state as well as to the north.

Yes.

Was there any effort prior to that that you can think of that...?

No. Not that I know. The next big one was the Tule Springs dig.

Was there any interest on the part of the people of Las Vegas in having this done? Can you recall if you were contacted by either citizens or legislators, or...?

No, I can't. It couldn't've been too important to the museum here at that time, because I can't remember very much about the actual work or anything.

What eventually happened to the material that was collected? Did it go to the Lost City Museum, or did it come up here to the State Museum? Do you have anything here?

I haven't any idea. Most of it probably went to the Lost City Museum there, because it was in connection with that, I guess. R. F. "Chick" Perkins was there all the time with that. He was head of that, and if he had anything to do with it, why, then there wasn't anything come to the museum, because he didn't like Judge Guild. [laughter]

In the State Archives there is some correspondence between Perkins and others that suggests there may have been some tension between him and the State Museum.

Well, there really wasn't any great animosity of the museum against the Lost City Museum, per se, but Perkins was always very jealous of his job there. He wasn't a real archaeologist or anything. He and his father had cooperated with Mark Raymond Harrington when Harrington did the studies and excavations of the Lost City deal way

back in the Depression. They worked with Harrington, and they went out on their own—he and his father—and collected all kinds of artifacts all over the place. All the regular archaeologists called them pothunters. Chick was no doubt sensitive on that score and he had this museum going, using all the artifacts that they had gathered. He was naturally a little afraid of anything like the Nevada Museum getting ahold and taking over there.

Of course, Perkins didn't like Judge Guild at all either. I have no idea what the out was there—whether he had something particular against him, or whether he just thought the judge was going to try and take over the Lost City Museum. The judge had no intention of doing so that I ever knew of. We were willing to cooperate with Chick and everything. In fact, Thelma and I stopped there a couple of times on our various trips and made real good friends with him. The only thing that I could figure out was that he was just naturally afraid that a bigger outfit like the museum would take over and he would lose out. Well, it could happen, you know! He had the rights to that kind of a fear on it, I guess. So he wanted to keep in with the Clark County legislators to prevent anything like that, which was only natural on his part.

We really had no interest at that time on taking over or anything, because we didn't have the funds to branch out too much. We were developing the museum here, and the various departments were taking all the funds we had. We had no ambition on advancing that fast all over the state. Later, when Clark County started getting so influential and had so many people and legislators, then the board decided that something should be done about more interest in Las Vegas and trying to get their cooperation. The judge put in a bill at the legislature to start up a branch in Las Vegas.

It went through the assembly and passed through the senate, through the committee, come out on the floor, and some guy got up—and it was near the end of the session—and he said, "Oh, that's just going to cost us more money." And they killed it! [laughter] So that's as far as that went. But as far as Lost City was concerned, we never did have any plans on taking that over or anything like that, as far as I know here.

Eventually, Perkins did get the state to buy all that collection of his there, and they paid him a big sum of money for it. It made a lot of the archaeologists pretty sore that the state would pay a bunch of money for artifacts that had been gathered by an individual without any authority or anything else, you know. But, as I say, Chick got in pretty good standing with Clark County legislators and was able to swing things the way he wanted to, which came out all right for him.

Your recollection now is that you probably met Dick Shutler, or at least began to admire his work, as a consequence of this joint project?

Yes. Since you mentioned it, I think that was it. I had kind of forgotten how I did get on to Dick, but that was it, all right.

ESTABLISHING THE ARCHAEOLOGY DEPARTMENT

There was a great deal of archaeological work going on at the State Museum in the period 1959-1960. I believe you founded the archaeology department in 1959, with a grant from the Fleischmann Foundation. Was it necessary to have that grant before establishing the department, or can you tell me what the linkage between the money and the establishment of a department was?

Well, it was essential to have it, of course, because the state wouldn't put up any money for anything like that. We would put it in our budget that we submitted to the foundation. We had originally taken the museum board and Julius Bergen of the Fleischmann Foundation out to the Winnemucca Lake caves and showed them everything that was going on, and they got quite interested in archaeology then. They went right along with the deal—starting up a department and hiring an archaeologist. So I hired Dick Shutler then. Dick was a very good organizer and believed in going around to different people and places himself and bargaining with them and setting up programs and getting advice. So the archaeology took off with a bang! And we did an awful lot of work around the state and different places.

Tell me something about the working relationship that existed between Dr. Shutler and Phil Orr.

Well, after I got Dick, there wasn't any need for Phil to come up from Santa Barbara, so the only time he came up would be when we had a meeting of the Western Speleological Institute. That was where we were studying those limestone caves over in eastern Nevada. Of course, Dick wouldn't've gone along with Phil very much. He was like the rest of the college graduates! [laughter] But, he never did say anything much about Phil, as far as that goes.

Was he reluctant to accept the date of 10,000 years?

No, he was pretty open on that. He didn't have any firm ideas on it, but he was willing to go along on the dates that you would get.

And the Tule Springs dig down there later on... why, that was one of the main reasons for that. An early geological survey down there by the Southwest Museum had found what they thought were hearth fires of some kind. I don't remember the details of it, but they had put an early date on it. I don't remember just what the date was either. The idea of going down there to the Tule Springs dig was to see if we could confirm that date or even push it back. It turned out that we didn't find very much after all that work, but that's another story.

Approximately at the time of Shutler's hiring in 1959, perhaps in conjunction with it, the Nevada State Museum anthropological papers were initiated.

Oh, yes. Because with him there we could get publications out. We had no way to get publications out before. I couldn't write up the publications, because I wasn't an archaeologist or anything like that. It had to be someone that could write it up, and first you have to have all the people doing the studying and the cataloging, and get all the information before you can publish. Of course, that's what Dick did. He had to set up a crew, and he knew how to organize them and how to oversee all this cataloging and identification and so forth, and then you can write up a report on it.

Did you find that he was a little bit more active in that regard than Phil Orr?

Oh, yes. In fact, Dick was all for putting out as much publication as you can, because in those circles that's the way to get to be known. Of course, there's always been quite a bit of interest in Great Basin archaeology from other students around the country.

Did the publications have any effect on the way that the legislature thought about the museum?

Oh, I can't say that I noticed any difference that way much. We were getting a little more attention all the time, of course, because we were expanding into so many areas and getting known, but it was just about the time I left there that there started being more interest in museums and the work they were doing. The Clark County delegation got more interested in it, and then it seemed to have been easier to get money out of the legislature for some of this stuff.

Well, in 1959-1960, it seems almost as if the legislature was losing interest in the museum. Apparently they had cut out the funding for the biennial reports.

Yes. They did that to all the agencies. An awful lot of the agencies used to put out these biennial reports, because the legislature met every 2 years, so it was for the legislature's information. But the legislature decided that it wasn't worth the cost of all these agencies putting out reports. They could have the administrators of the agencies up before them and question them and get the report from them. And so they cut it out in all the agencies—not just us.

But the museum decided, I guess, to go ahead and do something anyway.

Well, one year we did. The board was pretty disappointed when they dropped that, because they liked that report—not only for the legislature, but the foundation, too, and for other people. So, that year they decided to put them out among themselves. They published a pamphlet called *Twenty Years of Development and Progress* at the

Museum rather than a report that year. Then we started putting out these guides to sell in the shop. They went over pretty big, because it showed just what was in the museum and how to get around. We always believed in the publications; the best way to keep your accomplishments before the lawmakers and the public and everything else is to put out publications.

SPACE SHORTAGES AND THE GUILD ANNEX

By the late 1950s we were very short on space after getting all these different various departments started and having considerably more crew. There was an old annex to the regular mint building that extended out the back of what had been the boiler room, and it had a little attic on it. This little attic was between the second floor, where our Historical Room was, and the bottom floor where the boiler was. The archaeology department was working in one small room downstairs there and then up in this attic with their collections, and the taxidermist was in the room in the back. You couldn't stand upright in some places. The rest of the crew just had to work around wherever they could. They had no regular workshops or anything else. So we were pretty short on space. In one of the annual reports you'll notice that practically the whole thing is devoted to showing pictures of the cramped spaces that the crew were working in. [laughter] The fellow taking care of all the minerals and the geology and doing the exhibit work, too—exhibit technician—had a cubbyhole down in the basement of the mint building on the wrong side of the boiler room, and he had all the minerals set up down there in cases that we made. They were just crowded together and doing the best that they could.

Did the crowding have any noticeable effect on the work?

Oh, yes. It would, naturally. When we wanted to put in exhibits or anything like that, practically all the work had to be done up in the galleries, even with the galleries open with the public going through. Sometimes it was more interesting to the population going through, though, to watch the crew working there putting in the exhibits. But that's why we were touting for new annexes there, to get the room for the people to work.

In 1957 the legislature added \$100,000 to \$50,000 that they had allocated the session before for the new wing to the museum, and the Fleischmann Foundation contributed \$70,000. At that time the trustees voted to name the new annex the Judge Clark J. Guild Hall.

What participation did you and the staff have in the planning for the new wing?

I did the rough architectural drawing for a floor plan on both of the annexes, and then it would be turned over to the State Planning Board—Hancock and his crew. They would go to work on it and make modifications if they had to, architecturally, for the engineering and so forth, and come up with the final plans. But on all the cases and on the mobile unit and everything, I drew out the plans myself. I didn't know a hell of a lot about manual art or about drawing the plans or anything, just would go from other plans and so forth—the same way with a lot of the things for law changing and one thing and another. I'd just do like the attorneys do—they take somebody else's and adapt to theirs by changing the wording some. The old judge told me once that I should have been an attorney! [laughter] Well, I found that was

the easiest way—to go by what information I had and work it out.

In the case of the Guild Annex, did you have another model to go by?

No, just a space that was available in that yard there, and had to figure it out. It's a regular oblong box—2 stories and then break it up into the galleries, figure out what you wanted them for.

You hadn't looked at floor plans from other museums, then, to give you some guide?

No. No.

Were you given the number of square feet in which you had to work to begin with? What I'm getting at is, were there any budgetary pressures that you had to...?

No. That had to be figured out by the State Planning Board after they got the plans, and they'd figure out about what the cost would be.

So you were more or less free to begin with to draw up whatever you felt you needed?

Yes.

Were the final plans put together by the State Planning Board after you had given them your suggestions more or less in conformation with what you had in mind?

Yes. It come out pretty close to it most of the time. On the Guild Hall they didn't have money enough to put in the elevator. We had a space there for it in the corner, but they built the building without one. Then after that was built, Mr. Bergen, the head of the Fleischmann

Foundation, appropriated \$20,000 more for an elevator to go in there, mainly on account of the judge with his bad leg. Well, that's one of the excuses he gave, anyway.

We filled the Guild Annex up pretty quick, but when we got that we had more work space, mainly in the basement. Then we were able to set up a regular carpenter shop and hire a carpenter for building cases, and we had an area for the exhibit crew to work. We had a little area set aside for a photography darkroom, and we had a couple of restrooms in there—men and women—for the crew to use, which we hadn't had before. They had had to go upstairs to the public one, so it relieved us of a great deal. Then when we got the Calhoun Annex, that helped out on the storage. We set aside the whole basement on that one for storage for the archaeological material and the history material and other things that we wanted to keep in storage bins there and handy.

I'm curious as to whether the pressures that were brought on the museum by storage problems and space problems affected your collection policies in any way.

Ho. It was a big problem to take care of things as they came in, but we didn't turn down things on that account or anything. In 1959 we had this big collection of birds from Mrs. Mills of Fallon, who was a taxidermist and had given her collection to the museum. In fact, Major Fleischmann, I think, talked her into doing that. It was in a room in the old mint building there—a big long case full of the birds. So when we got the Guild Hall we had a bird room in the Guild Hall, and we moved all the birds down there and used this long case in the old mint building to set up the paleontology exhibit.

In that year, Ralph Preston of Altadena, California was up at Lake Tahoe. Thelma was co-chairman with Katherine Mackay Hawkins of the art exhibit for the 1959 Silver Centennial, and she was a member of the commission. Ralph was an exhibitor, and Thelma took him to the museum where he met the judge. The centennial was in Virginia City. Ralph was impressed with the judge. He was a sculptor, and he made a fine bust of Judge Guild that was presented to the museum. Then in 1960 Shutler's crew excavated rock shelters east of Fallon in the Humboldt and Carson sinks. And, of course, with the construction of Guild Hall the crew was kept pretty busy there for quite a while building cases and filling up the 4 galleries with exhibits. It was quite a job in itself to get things out of storage and set up these exhibits. The crew kept pretty busy. In fact, we had all of them working on it.

You had some plans for a new Indian gallery at that time, too, didn't you?

Yes, that was one of the galleries upstairs. All of the upstairs we turned into the archaeology/anthropology department for all the Indian exhibits. And in the downstairs we had one side of natural history for animals, and the other side for birds. And, as I say, we had all the crew working on cabinets, whether they were head of the department or not. The only one we never could get in on that was Shutler, and he wasn't going to have anything to do with putting in exhibits. [laughter] He'd give advice and so forth on the artifacts and that, but the crew had to do it. But all the rest of the crew—Pete Herlan and everybody else; the heads of departments, or whatever—were working on putting in exhibits. A lot of that was deadline work, getting ready for the

dedication of the Guild Hall, just like we did the mine.

Did Shutler ever give you a reason for not participating?

I don't think he knew anything about it, much, as far as that goes. And I don't think Dick was too handy mechanically or anything like that. But the rest of them all were, and they dug in and even worked overtime and weekends sometimes to get the whole thing done. The museum deal...you had to have an awful interest in it, because you didn't get much money and you didn't get paid overtime. [laughter]

During your administration as director, was there ever again as serious a space problem as the one that you encountered in the late 1950s?

No. We were pretty well fixed on space after we got the Guild Annex, and then when we got the Calhoun Annex it was a real bonanza. We had so much more exhibit space upstairs, and then the storage space and office space, workrooms downstairs.

Then the highway department built the big new highway department building. They had a couple of Quonset huts in the building down there where the Carson City mall is now, in that triangle of the roads there. They built that other building over there and had all that yard space that they have now. They had 2 Quonset huts that they were using for their equipment and so forth. These, they gave to the school district, but the judge made a deal with the district to have the huts turned over to the museum in 1963. We got a house mover to come and move them, and the highway department gave us a corner in their lots over there. We moved the 2 Quonset huts over and

had quite a bit of storage space. One large one we used for the storage space for the large historical items. We had the old buggies and wagons there, and then built a lot of shelves in there for holding all the historical items that we'd acquired. And the other small one, we made into a storage and workshop for the archaeology department.

FALCON HILL, LAHONTAN LAKE LEVELS AND A SEVERE INJURY

In 1960 we completed the excavation of 10 caves at Falcon Hill at the north end of Lake Winnemucca. It had been reported to us by a fellow named William Shinnars. They were falconers and were looking for eagle nests up there on the hill, and they discovered these caves and reported them. There were lots of artifacts and things they found there, but one of the more interesting things was the upper and lower jaw of a shrub ox. They're an extinct Pleistocene animal. There've been quite a few found in caves in northern California, but that's the first one, and, as far as I know, the only one ever found in Nevada.

In 1961 Dick Shutler and a man named Bruno Sabels were interested in the levels of the old Lake Lahontan. There's a big mountain there with these layers of tufa on up for the different levels of old Lake Lahontan. We climbed up that, and Sabels wanted some samples of it, so I went on up with Dick's little kid. Sabels and Dick were waiting down by the truck. We were coming back down, and we came to a bunch of the tufa. There was a drop-off of about 4 feet, but you could go around that on a gentler slope. But the little kid clung there and hopped down this 4 feet, and so I came up, hopped down there, too, and hit my leg on a boulder that slipped out from under me. It hurt like heck. I tried to stand up, and I

couldn't put any weight on that leg. Dick and Sabels come up and helped me down the hill, hopping on one leg, got me in the truck and brought me in.

Thelma made a date with the doctor to meet me. He set me down in a chair and took the leg like this, and the whole leg just came loose at the knee joint. It tore all the ligaments loose there. I had to have an operation the next day, and so I was in a cast for quite a while with that leg. I carried on from the hospital bed; the secretary'd bring correspondence up and take the dictation down, and the department heads would come up and see me with their problems. Finally it come time for a board meeting, and all the board come up and had the meeting in my hospital room! [laughter]

I went back to work with a cast on and the crutches, and finally the cast come off and I had to use a cane for quite a while. Then I got rid of the cane, but I had a limp all the time. I couldn't do any more work out in the hills, because when I got up the hill, trying to come down you'd take a step forward with that leg, and it'd just go out from under you. The doctor never could get all the ligaments back to hold it so it had strength in it. I had a bunch of therapy, but it didn't do any good.

THE TULE SPRINGS DIG

In 1962 or 1963 the National Science Foundation granted the museum \$42,200 to excavate the Tule Springs site. Dick Shutler wrote the proposal. He also got ahold of Herschel Smith, who was a big contractor. He had a bunch of contracts for the armed services over in the South Sea Islands and around—made plenty of money. Hersch got interested in Tule Springs and setting up things. He got International Harvester to donate a 45-ton, 14-foot bulldozer,

which was new and that they had just for experiment. It was the biggest one in the country. They donated that to the project. Hersch got all of the unions in Las Vegas to furnish the operators. He also got a couple of graders, and a Las Vegas outfit furnished all the towels for the layout; the gas company furnished gas for it—had to use propane. They furnished a stove for us, too, along with the propane gas. It was just a great outfit—everybody contributing to the dig out there. We figured that a minimum estimate of the services and things that we had would be at least \$300,000.

Did you personally have anything to do with raising this money?

Hersch did most of it around Las Vegas, organizing it with Dick. I went down when we got organized there, and they were about ready to start. I was the only one that knew carpenter work, and they had to have a building there on the site for a cook shack and a place to eat where they could have a table to make out their notes at the end of the day and so forth. Some of the crew and archaeologists were gathering there, so I went down and put them all to work. I laid it out, and we built about a 30-by-40-foot building and put it on blocks with a floor and a good roof and everything. Everybody slept outside, though, in sleeping bags on the ground for the dig.

We were running these big trenches across the wash down there, some of them as much as a half mile long and about 20 feet deep. Those fellows running the machines could take off a half inch of dirt with those big machines! Of course, when you come to something that looked like it might be an artifact, then you had to get in and do it by hand. This was one of the first programs or projects set up with of all the disciplines—with a geologist

and a paleontologist and archaeologist and anthropologist all working there.

Where did Shutler get these people? Were any of them from the University of Nevada that you can recall?

No. Some of them were from the University of Arizona, and some of them were from Nevada Southern in Las Vegas. I don't remember just where they all came from. Then we got Dr. Willard Libby and Jay Gould as advisors on it. They used to come up every weekend or so from Los Angeles. Libby was the Nobel prize winning scientist that developed the carbon 14 testing. [Dr. Willard F. Libby received the 1960 Nobel prize in chemistry for his pioneering work in radiocarbon dating. He was on the faculty at UCLA at the time of the Tule Springs dig.—ed.] We had samples current all the time, see; we'd take samples each day as we went along. Hersch had his twin-engined Cessna there, and the samples would be flown to Los Angeles. A few days later, we would have them back to the dig. So we were having these current carbon 14 dates as we dug around all the time.

Of course, Libby was head of the department down there in Los Angeles. He and Gould and a number of other scientists were interested and came out there. One of them, I remember, was a doctor of anthropology or something from South Africa, and some from the University at Berkeley. So it was quite a renowned thing, and the way Dick set it up for all these scientists and advisors and everybody working on it, it's too bad we didn't find more. They had a good history of what the valley had been and a lake that had been there, and they found one big deposit of camel and ancient horse and bison bones, but very little in the way of human artifacts.

Well, what had led them to that site to begin with?

A couple of geologists with the U.S. Geological Survey had found some points in a level with Pleistocene bones there that they had set a 5,000 or 6,000-year date or something like that on. Everybody was interested in it, and all the scientists had thought there was probably human habitation there way back, so they wanted to find out. But we just couldn't find it in that; we found some human artifacts like some points and stones that we figured had been worked by man, but we couldn't connect them up with the dating. They put out a nice publication on Tule Springs. I don't remember which museum number it is, but it's one of the publications that we put out when Dick was there.

Were you using the Santa Barbara Museum as a model for the archaeological program you developed?

I don't know as we used Santa Barbara any for a model for our program; we just played it by ear as the work came up. Of course, when I finally hired Dick Shutler as a permanent archaeologist, he found the various places around and had them reported to him. We did an awful lot of excavation work on Falcon Hill and out in the Carson Sink and various things like that until the big Tule Springs thing came up. So we just developed it with our own archaeologist. Of course, he knew pretty much what to do and what was needed; went from there. That was always my idea of getting people in that knew what they were doing. I didn't know; I was learning. [laughter]

One gets the impression that there is a certain amount of serendipity involved in finding these sites. I have seen no reference to any sort of an

archaeological site survey that may have been conducted. Was there an effort to try to find and identify sites throughout the state before starting excavation work on any?

No. Phil and I made a big survey from up around Lovelock clear down the east shore of old Lake Lahontan looking for sites, but we never did find any new ones. Of course, Lovelock Cave had been excavated by pothunters, so we never did find anything worth working on. The ones Dick worked on were discovered by pothunters and people, but we started a campaign of trying to educate the people on the value of the things. If they reported to the museum, they could take part in the dig if they wanted to. And if they had items and would turn them over to the museum for the study, when the study was through they could have them back if they wanted. So we started getting cooperation, then, from them and sites reported to us.

FINANCES AND STAFFING PROBLEMS

At the same time that you were getting a large grant from the National Science Foundation for the Tule Springs work it appears that you were suffering some budgetary problems here in the museum. I've come across references to the fact that only 8 of the 32 staff were paid with state funds. In addition, professional salaries were so low that I gather you felt you were having some difficulty keeping professionals on the staff.

Yes. We always had that trouble. You couldn't get the salaries up through the legislature. They weren't as interested in the museum as they were later on, and I was lucky to get one or 2 new staff members each 2 years from the legislature.

From looking at some material that I found in the State Archives, it appears that in 1958 the title of General Curator of the museum was created by the trustees. The person who was selected to fill that role was Judge Guild, who then, I believe, was paid a salary as general curator. What can you tell me about the circumstances surrounding the decision to create that title? The table of organization showed the general curator reporting to the trustees, and the museum director reporting to the general curator rather than directly to the board of trustees.

Well, actually it didn't change anything at all. It was just that the board agreed that the judge could have a salary and remain there as chairman.

Had he requested that?

Oh, yes. He fixed it all up. [laughter] You couldn't call him the director, because I was the director. It wasn't good to have the chairman on salary, so the best way to handle it was to set up a head curator of the whole works, see? That means taking care of things, so that was a good title for him.

Was his salary higher than yours?

Yes. A little bit.

Was that a full-time position for him after 1958?

Yes, he was full-time, practically. I mean, he was retired and spent most of his time at the museum.

The legislature also had said that there couldn't be any of the staff paid more than the administrator, the head of the department.

They couldn't get my salary up, so there was no way that I could pay more to the heads of the departments of archaeology and biology. And another thing was that the board of trustees had set up the salary for the judge out of the Fleischmann Foundation money. The judge was reluctant to raise his salary up too much all the time on account of it might jeopardize funds from the foundation, and I couldn't have a salary above the judge. That held the whole thing down, see. When I retired I was only getting \$13,500. After that, when Koontz got the crew on there and they got interested in museums, why, then the director's salary went right up to around \$30,000.

So you were unable to pay your scientists a competitive salary? Now, Dick Shutler was a Ph.D. Who else on the staff in the early 1960s had a Ph.D.?

No one. Our college graduates at that time were Pete Herlan in biology and George Wilson in geology.

What sort of a policy did you follow, then? Did you pay Shutler as much as you were making?

Well, just right under. That's one of the reasons that Dick left, of course. He figured he needed more money, and he was offered a museum in Hawaii, so he resigned and went down there.

If only 8 of your staff were being funded with state money—and I'm certain that's the case—was the Fleischmann Foundation picking up the salary for the others?

Yes. Of course, it wasn't all just right out of the foundation, because the major had given

the museum a bunch of stock in Standard Brands that he had. So there was income coming in from the stock that the major had given. Then later on there was money coming from Carl Jacobsen, who made some donations to the museum. After he died, his estate took care of his wife and had it all set up for her, and then the museum got the rest of it after she died. We also had other donated income from memberships and the stocks, and then we would ask the foundation for the rest that we needed to make up our budget.

It must have been difficult to continue operating under those circumstances. Were you ever able to enhance salaries with the grants that were being written? Could Shutler, as an example, write himself a higher salary in a grant?

Well, I was always putting in raises in each year for the staff. But, as you know, we could only get them up so high! [laughs]

POTHUNTERS AT PYRAMID LAKE

In 1961 the Fleischmann Foundation provided some money for a dig out at Pyramid Lake. I understand that the pothunters were about to beat you to the treasure once again! [laughter]

Yes, the Fleischmann Foundation awarded a grant to survey and excavate the sites at the Pyramid Lake reservation. We did make a survey of the reservation, but then the Indians were a little reluctant for all this archaeological work where you dig up human beings, because they figured they were their ancestors. So at that time we made an agreement with the Indians, and they're still carrying it on, that any bodies we found—mummies like that or skeletons—we would do the study, but as soon as the study was done we would rebury

them. The Indians were agreeable to that, and we were able to go ahead with the work, then.

I guess Donald Tuohy worked there with crews for a couple of years doing the excavation. We'd excavate through the summer, and then as soon as we had to quit on account of the weather coming on, winter and so forth, why, the pothunters would take over. [laughter] Go in and start in again; never could get them educated. There wasn't any guard there or anything. We had some success, though, when an organization of amateur archaeologists was organized in Reno. We were having pretty good success then on them working with us and trying to educate the public to the harm that they would do by pothunting that way, and to the effect that if they would just report sites to us, they could take part in the digs. The material that we found could be studied, and then if it was appropriate that they had a place for it or some use for it, they could have some of the material back again.

We were starting to get some cooperation from the pothunters, but there's always some diehards that would not belong to the organization, and would go it on their own anyway. They were not just from around Nevada, but they'd come from Oregon and Washington and Idaho, all over, to pothunt in Nevada because it was such a great place to pothunt—you know, all the open country and easy to get at in the 4-wheel-drive vehicles and so forth. So many people were making that as their vacation, to come to Nevada and pothunt.

BUILDING A CORE OF EXHIBITS

COLLECTION AND EXHIBIT POLICIES AND THE HISTORICAL ROOM

You had a strong interest in scientific research, but no particular interest in collecting items of historical value. You felt that the Historical Society ought to be doing that.

Oh, yes.

Yet, the State Museum collected and displays items of historical interest.

We did go out and collect. Whenever we found out about a collection or something like that, we would go and see what we could get of it. I wanted to preserve all the material with the idea that someday the museum might be the stud duck of the whole layout, and make exhibits for all the other museums around the state. You would have all of this material on hand that you could circulate around and keep the exhibits changing all the time. So we would go to various places where we

would find out about a collection and see if we couldn't obtain it and get it for the museum.

What would be the guiding principle in determining what would be put on display and what would not? As an example, the U.S.S. Nevada silver—what value do you see to the public being allowed to view that?

Well, most Nevadans were very proud of the U.S.S. Nevada and the history of it. The history was probably quite interesting to most people—all that that battleship went through in the 2 world wars. So that's one of the main things—an exhibit is something that's interesting to the people and will educate them at the same time. If you can keep their interest, then you are educating them, too.

For quite a long time there's been a debate in museology about the types of articles that ought to be on display, as opposed to those that ought not. It's said that local museums often take almost an "attic trunk" approach to exhibits,

where donated objects are put on display whether or not they serve any real purpose or illustrate any theme in history. There is another approach to this, which is, of course, that anything that captures the imagination of the public and causes them to think about the past and to think about it in serious terms, is worth exhibiting. I am not trying to be critical of one approach or the other; I'm just wondering if you had a philosophy for what ought to be on display and what ought not to be on display, and if you can describe it for us?

My idea on that was...when I first went there it seemed like the policy was you would obtain a collection from someone and put that collection on display and leave it there. That was the collection of so-and-so. But my idea was when we first obtained it, we should put it on for a short time as that person's collection. Then it would go into storage, you might say, and we would use items from that collection to make up the various exhibits where we wanted to show a certain thing—like early transportation or various other subjects like that. Then we would take things out of this collection to use in that exhibit, and that way the collections would be of use in a lot of various ways instead of it being a dead issue sitting there all at one time and all forever, you know. [laughter] I started that after I got there, and caught hell for it several times from various old-timers that thought it should be left all as a collection.

The biennial report for 1954-1956 makes reference to the fact that there was some reluctance on the part of donors to give items of historical interest to the museum for the Historical Room. As I understand it, you were finding it difficult to acquire items of any historical importance.

Well, probably one of the things that did influence people on not giving it was they would want to know if it would be put on exhibit and kept there. Mrs. Jeanne Wier and Mrs. Clara Beatty at the Historical Society were doing that. There would be somebody's collection all in there, in a case, and probably half the items would be with no label on them to tell what they were. Right alongside of it is another case with somebody's collection of practically the same things. That's not interesting to people, I don't think. It's monotonous! [laughter]

But it was gratifying to the ego of the donors?

Yes! So people finally got over that, I think. It became just a case mostly of people hating more to let go of things that you didn't get the collections. Also relatives...a lot of times we would go get a collection from some old-timer and then find out that some of the relatives were very upset that the museum got it instead of them. Some of them would even be sore about not getting it, because they wanted it to sell it. It was getting more and more so that all these historical items were worth money in certain areas.

I suspect that this discussion of historical items is not one of your favorite topics. [laughter] But I want to continue for just a couple of more minutes, because it is something the museum has done over the years. In going through the table of organization I find that there was no curator of history. You had people who were responsible for biology and for paleontology and archaeology and such as that, but apparently there was no single person who was responsible for collecting objects of historical importance or for developing some kind of an historical display strategy.

Well, not to really go out and find things historically. We just depended mostly on finding out through other people about collections and things. At first, it did come up the persons doing the exhibits in the museum would go out, because we didn't have a very big crew. Later we had crew enough that we had a curator of exhibits and the technicians, so we would have people that we could send out. Many of the times I went myself, because we didn't have anyone in the first years of the museum. I would see if I could talk them into donating to the museum, because I figured a part of the museum's work was to preserve these things. Eventually the curator of exhibits was the person responsible for getting the historical items in.

I think a lot of that procedure might be from the policies I established at the museum. History didn't take a predominant part in the museum's interest, and the other departments that I got started there, like natural history and archaeology and so forth, had just as much standing as the history department. The curator of exhibits and the technicians spent just as much interest and time in putting in the archaeological and natural history exhibits as they did the history exhibits. My idea, of course, was that the Historical Society should take care of most of the history, because we had no place for a big library or anything like that, and all the photographs and so forth. We figured that the Historical Society should do that, and that's what has evolved out of the whole thing. They have been able to secure new buildings and a lot more rooms, so that they have room for the libraries and for the big collection of slides and photos. And those are the programs that they should take care of. Now that the whole state is getting interested, they can expand in Las Vegas and so forth, taking care of that part of it.

Over the years, many items that were of no historical importance whatever were donated to the Historical Society. Some of them were actually scientific in nature; there are people who have collections of arrowheads and minerals and things like that. Was there ever any effort to exchange things between the State Museum and the Historical Society?

Well, not particularly. I mean, as long as Clara was in there, there was no chance of that. [laughter] She guarded all her possessions very jealously, so I don't imagine that there has been much exchange. I know that they do loan things back and forth now for exhibits and so forth. If the museum here particularly needs some historical items or some of their archaeological items or something like that for a special exhibit, they can get them. The whole thing is getting to be much more cooperative than it was before.

DAT-SO-LA-LEE BASKETS

The Dat-so-la-lee basket collection is, of course, a tremendously valuable part of the total museum collection. I believe that the baskets were acquired before you came to the museum.

Yes. I never did delve into it much, but I understood that the legislature appropriated the money to buy the collection from the Cohn estate. They had them on display down in the corridors of the capitol for a while, and when they purchased them part was to go to the Historical Society and part to the museum, which I guess they did.

Given their great monetary and cultural value, I wonder if they've been treated any differently from the other exhibits. As an example, has there been any effort to establish climate control

for them in advance of other exhibits? Is the security surrounding the Dat-so-la-lee baskets any greater?

No, not that I know of. In fact, we keep them clean and put them on exhibit. We have a case with the Dat-so-la-lee baskets in it, and they're only protected that way. There's no special humidity or anything like that.

THE V & T ROOM

When the Virginia and Truckee Railroad closed in 1950, I went over and got as much material as I could from the buildings over there—the roundhouse and everything else had already been stripped by some of these fellows selling old stuff.

By stripped, do you mean they had gained entrance to it illegally and gone in and taken the stuff out?

Oh, yes. One fellow that I know of got next to a secretary there and got a bunch of the stuff. He run a store up in Silver City, and he got an awful lot of the good things. Especially, it was a lot of the paper stuff—bills of sale and different things that he could sell.

What sort of an arrangement did the museum work out with the V & T?

Well, I went over to go through all the layout. I got all those patterns from the foundry over there and the shops—those wooden patterns that they used for casting things. We got some of the paper material, and I got the big clock that hung in the lobby over there; you can see pictures of that in the annual reports. But there's a lot that I didn't get. After we received that, then we took

one of the galleries there and made a V & T Room out of it with pictures and the things we did have. We showed the wooden patterns and made a little diorama thing showing the process of casting the various bearings and so forth.

THE GUN ROOM

There were an awful lot of guns on hand when I became director. The major's guns were there. He had acquired a big one that was used for hunting birds out at Pyramid Lake for the commercial market. A guy would tie it on the side of an ox and have the ox walk down to the edge of the lake with this damn musket on there. He'd keep on the other side so the geese couldn't see him, and he'd blast away and kill maybe up to 100 birds with the thing. The major acquired that; we had that there. The major had also received a couple of highly decorated guns—real carvings all over them and everything; he donated those.

There was a chance to get a bunch of war surplus guns. I applied for the museum, and I got a bunch of those war surplus weapons that the United States Army had used or had captured from Japan and from the Germans. We put up quite an exhibit of the various military guns in there. Other small collections of guns came in as we went along, and with the ones that they already had at the museum, we looked up the history of them. I got a gun shop man in from Reno to identify a lot of the historical guns. Then we looked up history on them, like the Sharp's rifle and things like that.

We had a theft from the Gun Room one time. The sheriff's office wouldn't do anything about it much. The deputy told me that they found out the kid who did it—he sold the guns in Salt Lake City. I guess on account of his parents, the sheriff wouldn't do anything.

It was only 4 or 5 pistols, but they were pretty good historical items.

THE MAMMAL AND BIRD ROOMS

We had a Mammal Room for which the major had purchased all these dioramas, and we had all his African heads hanging around on the wall. We had put in a few North American heads, like an antelope and mule deer and a desert bighorn sheep. Then when we got the new Guild Annex, we took one of the lower floors there and made it completely into a Bird Room.

We moved all the birds from the Mrs. Mills collection that they had upstairs to new cases. We added a lot of birds that we had gathered and Fred Holley had mounted. Then we made the other side into a Mammal Room, with mostly the smaller mammals—the beaver and skunk and muskrats and ground squirrels and all of those. We made regular dioramas with painted backgrounds, curved. They had that mountain lion that had been mounted, so we made a display for that, using our experience from the mine in making rocks. We made a granite cliff-like deal, with the mountain lion looking out on that. So we developed a Mammal Room there with all the small mammals and.... I think we did acquire a pure melanistic black deer—mule deer—too, that Mr. Holley mounted, and we put that on exhibit.

Were any of these exhibits specifically funded by gifts? Has anybody given any money to the museum and said, "Here, take this and put up an exhibit of birds or mammals or whatever"?

Not that I recall. It was just acquired through donations that the major had given them.

THE PALEONTOLOGY ROOM

For the Paleontology Room, we had taken all the birds out of that long case up there, and we had quite a few specimens. Right at that time there seemed to have been a little more discovery of some fossils of mammoth tusks and teeth and things like that by the highway department doing work up around Lovelock and different places. So we decided to make a Paleontology Room out of it and put in all these fossilized bones and stuff that we had with the pictures of the animal as it was and the history of them when they lived around here, how they became extinct, how old and the size of them. With the big mammoths the ceilings were high enough to put up a picture of the mammoth, and then we had arrows going up to show just how high he was at the shoulder.

A MEMORIAL TO SENATOR MCCARRAN

Another item of major importance from the mid-1950s is that the 1955 legislature appropriated \$50,000 toward an addition which was to be made to the Senator Patrick McCarran Memorial Room. What can you recall about the circumstances surrounding the proposed McCarran Room?

Well, there was quite a bit of furniture to come from his office, and we received the furniture there and set up the McCarran Room in that gallery upstairs. We got pictures of his office in Washington, and made the exhibit up to look just like his office there, with his desk and chairs and things.

The legislature had appropriated a small amount of money—\$50,000—and yet it was expected that a total of over \$200,000 was

going to be needed in order to complete the McCarran Memorial Room. Where did the rest of the money come from? Or did it? Was there any fund raising underway at the time to take up the slack?

Well, I don't know how it was. It seems to me the thing must have died someplace! [laughter] It certainly didn't take any \$50,000 to fix up the room that we fixed up there—what we did then.

Apparently there was supposed to have been additional construction that was to have resulted in the Senator McCarran Memorial Room, and yet none ever occurred. There was also some controversy surrounding where the papers would be housed, and indeed how the papers were to be acquired. I don't believe that's been resolved to this very day, has it?

Yes, I remember that. I remember there was some controversy about that. We finally acquired a bunch of papers, and some professor a few years later came through wanting to study them. We let him study the papers, and he said there wasn't anything much there—that somebody had gotten all the important stuff and put it someplace else or destroyed it or something. He couldn't find anything of very much value in the papers that we got.

Did you ever have anything to do with McCarran's daughter?

Sister Margaret? Oh, yes. She was around quite a bit, watching things and taking care of things. I don't think things came out just the way she would have liked to have them come out. I don't think she was able to get all the attention that she wanted for him, but

she seemed satisfied with the display we put on with his furniture there. We made the office look authentic. Of course, the judge was kind of in favor of something like that, because he thought a lot of McCarran.

McCarran did help out the museum several times, helping to get funds for it. I remember once—I guess it was the Lake Winnemucca caves—when we wanted to start working on those and getting permission from Washington. Phil Orr had come up, and we were all ready to move out there and work, and no permission came. We were waiting and waiting, and so the judge telegraphed McCarran about the thing. Then about 2 days later we had our permit. It came right through, and it was the same way when we started the Western Speleological Institute. We had everything organized and ready and couldn't get the word from the IRS on the foundation— non-profit organization. We contacted McCarran again, and he came right through.

COIN PRESS NO. 5 AND THE MINT ROOM

There was another acquisition by the museum that required some political maneuvering, and that occurred shortly after these events that we've been discussing with the McCarran Room. That was the acquisition of coin press number 5 from the San Francisco mint in 1958. Can you recall anything about that and about Senator Alan Bible's role in the acquisition?

Yes. The editor of the Oakland Tribune got on to it. He alerted the judge to it, and he made all the arrangements. The judge contacted Bible, and Bible got permission for the museum to buy the coin press for the amount that they would get from the junk

dealer—\$200. The editor arranged with the Bigge baggage outfit to move the press from San Francisco to Oakland, and then the judge arranged with Wells Cargo to move the press from Oakland to the museum and install it in the museum.

Later, when Eva Adams was secretary of the treasury (she had been McCarran's secretary), they had a big shortage of pennies, so she borrowed the press from the museum and shipped it to Denver. They used the press there. In 1963 it came back to the museum after they got caught up on their pennies. So it was a good thing we saved the press, I think.

Wasn't there an effort at some point to stamp commemorative coins with that?

Oh, yes. The judge wanted to do that. Of course, he would have to have some parts of the press made—the parts that held the stamps. So the judge wrote trying to get those essential parts, and the Treasury Department turned thumbs down on it. After several letters back and forth, they were getting pretty perturbed with this old judge out here that wanted to coin money! [laughter] Finally he couldn't do anything about it—they were threatening to come out here and see what the deal was. If he tried to print money, he'd go to jail, and so he had to drop the whole thing. Nothing ever happened to it until the centennial year, when they finally did decide to stamp coins there for the centennial year, and then they fixed up the press with the right parts so they could do it.

What did Judge Guild have in mind? What kind of commemorative coins was he going to stamp?

Something that the museum could sell in the souvenir shop to make money on. I don't know what the design would've been or anything else. It never did develop that far.

Was Alan Bible ever able to help the museum in any other ways? Was he what you would consider a friend of the museum?

Yes, he was considered a friend all right. Alan was always very interested in the museum, whenever he came out. I don't recall any particular things that he helped on before, but he could've helped out on jarring up the IRS or somebody else back there when we needed it.

Can you recall any other instance when it was necessary to call upon him for some assistance?

Not right at the time I don't.

Did the coin press turn out to be a popular addition to the museum?

Yes, it was pretty popular. We put it on display. We found that when there was a lot of interest in something, it was good to make an exhibit of it if we could. We found old bills of lading and letters and different things we could put up there—receipts of the bullion coming in from the mines, and stuff like that. I think we made some large plaster replicas of the dollars to put around there, and then someone gave us a collection of CC [Carson City] dollars. We put in a case with all the CC dollars that we could get, noting the years of them, and pictures of the old mint building and some of the history of it—the years that it ran and the years that it didn't run and so forth.

Did you get any cooperation from the Historical Society in putting this together, or did you even try?

No, I don't remember even trying. I think we probably had more material on the mint, anyway, than they did.

Now, who did the interpretation for you?

Oh, the technicians looked up history on it and found all the information we could, and then we put the exhibit together.

You didn't have any one person doing the interpretation for the Mint Room?

No.

I'm beginning to get the idea that it was a group effort on most of the exhibits. Was it just the responsibility of whatever technicians were involved in it to do the research?

Yes. It was always mostly a group effort. The first thing is to find out what material you do have. Then you can plan the exhibit on what you're going to do. Of course, that requires some research, and for so much of that stuff you don't have artifacts. You have to do it with maybe pictures, maybe just a recounting of the history of it.

THE STATE SEAL AND A MOON ROCK

The state seal on exhibit is the one that was in the Capitol in Washington. I think it was Senator Bible who got that for us. They were returning them all to the different states. That was the original seal, where the artist put the smoke going both ways—one way from the mill and the other way from the steam

engine. There was a lot of interest in that. It was something that we could get a press release in the paper with. We put it right there in the entrance hallway and fixed it up so we could put a light in it—keep it lit. Publicity was also a concern with the moon rock and any small thing like that that would generate a lot of interest.

We had a chance to get a moon rock in 1970, and I sent Pete Herlan back to Washington to pick it up. Pete guarded it in his lap all the way home and brought it down here. We had it on the table here for a while, to see it and look at it. I put it on exhibit up at the museum, and it developed quite a bit of interest, of course.

U.S.S. NEVADA SILVER

The State Museum holds the silver set from the U.S.S. Nevada. I understand that survivors of the crew would come annually to view it back in the 1950s. Can you tell me how that tradition got started, and describe for me the activities surrounding that?

I don't know how it got started, but they used to have their meetings here quite often. They would come to the museum to see the silver set that we had there. Of course, we didn't have a great lot to do with their meeting or anything like that. That was all organized by the people at the head of that. They had their regular meetings other places, like the Ormsby House or someplace like that. But it was mostly to come and see the silver set and the history of it and so forth.

There was so much interest in the history of the battleship, and this organization of former crew members wanting to meet there, you know, that we put together the same sort of exhibit as the Mint Room, with

all the artifacts and things we had and could find and the ship's bell and pictures of the battleship in action and everything else that we could find. I had a whole bunch of flags that we put up on the walls and made an exhibit in that room of the battleship Nevada.

How did the museum acquire the U.S.S. Nevada silver?

When the U.S.S. Nevada was decommissioned, the government began using it for atomic bomb practice at Bikini and Eniwetok atolls. The silver service came back to Nevada, and they had it down there in the capitol building for a while. That was before I came here. Then after they got the museum started, they moved it to the museum, and it was already in the old mint vault when I came here. All we did was reorganize it some, clean it up good and get labels on it.

We used to loan out the big punch bowl for the governor's inauguration, and it had to be guarded. So the highway patrol would send patrolmen up and pick it up and take it to the event—the inauguration or whatever it was—stay there with it and bring it back to the museum after the festivities were over with. We'd have to be at the museum to receive it and put it back.

I would imagine that all of that silver required a great deal of care. Who was responsible for polishing it and keeping it in good order?

Well, the museum crew were. We'd take it out and polish it once a year and sometimes give it new labels, whatever it needed. Docents were responsible for it after we got docents, but there was a long time there that we didn't have any.

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

When the museum trustees were interested in building the gallery upstairs, Sessions "Buck" Wheeler got the idea—I think, kind of from the mine, the way it wound around there—of making that upstairs gallery into a real Indian deal of forest and sagebrush and trails through it and an Indian encampment and everything like that. Well, that just couldn't possibly be done. There wasn't room enough to do anything so extensive and still have it look like anything. But Buck and those wanted to get the money for it, so the foundation put up the money, and I came up with the idea of that life-size camp group that is up there now.

I had Howard Hickson as curator of exhibits then. We designed the Indian encampment and made contact with this firm in Los Angeles to make the wax figures. They made them from photographs that we went out to Nixon, Nevada, and took of several of the people—Harry Winnemucca and Poncho and Sarah. We had just gotten them installed and the exhibit pretty well completed there, when a family of Indians came through, went down on one side of the exhibit and stopped and looked, and the guy said, "I know them. That's Poncho! That's Harry Winnemucca!" So that's how lifelike they were from these photographs.

EXPANSION AND CONSOLIDATION

1962-1972

VANDALISM

Looking for the figures for use of the museum, it's apparent that the major influx of visitors occurs in the summer. And, in fact, during the early 1950s apparently 10 times as many people were coming to the museum in the summer as were in the winter. It would drop off to a mere trickle in the winter. How did that affect the operation of the museum? Or did it?

No, not particularly. They were free to just wander and go through. Everything was pretty much under glass. We always kept everything labeled well, so that anyone interested could find out what the articles were or any history about them, how they were used. For a long time there we had no one watching in the daytime except the crew working around there. Finally we got old Bill Stewart, retired U.S. Marshal for Nevada and Thelma's ex-boss, in as a guard. But there didn't seem to be any need of it with all those people going through. Never did have any vandalism or

anything else, except that little bit down in the mine and kids in the early 1960s.

In the period 1962 through 1963, there was a sharp increase in vandalism. Two kids, high school age, broke out all the exit signs with a hammer and did other damage. It's just one of those things where one or two kids or several will happen to get together in the town, and then they start vandalizing things. We're having some of that going on in Carson City right now. Every once in a while there's a bunch of tires punctured in different sections of town. There's several kids that are running around in a gang and vandalizing today. It happens for a while, and then evidently the people move, and the kids break up, and then you don't have any vandalism for a while.

EFFORTS IN LAS VEGAS

As I understand it, the first efforts to establish a branch of the museum in Las Vegas occurred in the 1960s. I think it's rather important—the development of the museum as a statewide

agency. What were the museum's first steps in that direction?

In the period of 1962 to 1963, we installed 12 cases of exhibits in the Las Vegas convention center. They liked them fine, but they didn't take care of them. We had to go down each year and clean them out and make any repairs needed. And then that convention center was always changing top men there—firing the head man and getting somebody else—and management got so they weren't too interested in it. So we went down and gathered up our exhibits and brought them home.

Of course, in the southern part of the state we had also cooperated with the Lost City Museum out at Overton. I don't 162 think anything had been done much before that, that I know of. That was the idea of the convention center deal.

Judge Guild put Joe Wells on the museum board. Wells owned the Thunderbird down there at that time and, of course, owned Wells Cargo freighting. Judge Guild put him on the board and wanted Joe to see if he could get any interest down there in it. From the report that Joe gave us, he had contacted the Historical Society down there and so forth, and they said they didn't want anything to do with the museum. I don't know why, and I don't know if the judge ever knew why. He never did tell me, anyway. But that was the word that we got from Joe, so we didn't figure there was much we could do there.

I believe that eventually Florence Cahlan was instrumental in getting the museum established down there.

Yes. I think she was on the board for a couple of years before I retired. A very nice

lady. She was real interested and I think was a big help to the judge on getting more interest in Las Vegas toward a museum.

Was it the judge's idea, or was it yours or the trustees' to open up the exhibits in the Las Vegas convention center?

It was the trustees' decision in a meeting. I don't know who brought it up—probably Tom Wilson. There was always discussion on methods that they could use to get known around the state more and get more interest in the museum. Of course, with Las Vegas expanding so much and everything, the idea was to get them interested down there, so we could have a branch down there and be the stud duck of the whole thing, you know.

It was always my idea to have this as the main establishment, and if they had branch museums around, make up the exhibits here to take to the other museums. That way, we could use more of our material that's in storage instead of having it stored away, and keep it rotated. But that didn't work out so much, either, because each little county wanted their own museum. They didn't want us to get tangled up in it too much and probably take over from them, see.

Thelma says the most successful exhibit we had was the one they "stole" for the Las Vegas museum. It was a series of the outstanding dioramas that the major had made in San Francisco. It was in the gallery there that they made into that old ghost town, where they had the burro and the talking things. They moved them all to Las Vegas for that new museum. Yes, that was an outstanding exhibit.

So it's not exactly theft we're talking about here, then? [laughter]

No, they didn't steal them, but...there were too many Vegas people on the board of trustees.

But this was after your retirement?

Yes. Well, this museum here is probably going to have to keep building some exhibits for Las Vegas, but then, of course, you have to have money to do it, and it's going to take the time away from the staff here. That's one thing that probably has the museum behind in their work here is getting everything ready for that museum down there and transporting it down there and getting it set up so they could open that museum. They don't have a great big staff here at the museum to do all that.

RENEWED SPACE SHORTAGES AND THE CALHOUN ANNEX

By 1964 you were submitting reports from the director to the board of trustees. I believe that's the first time that I have seen evidence of your actually communicating anything in writing to the trustees in biennial reports. What had been the policy before that? Apparently Judge Guild had been, in a sense, the only spokesman for the museum up until then.

Yes, but Thelma and I usually made up all the reports. I'd get all the facts and figures ready and everything else, and Thelma would write them up for me because she's so good with words and language. Then we would present them to the judge, and he'd OK it. His name was signed to it, so the judge was always putting out these annual reports. But finally toward the last we just had the judge write out a little introductory deal, and then I as the director put out the report.

So you had been writing them all along, then?

Yes. Yes, we did all of the reporting on all these things.

One of the things that you mentioned in 1964, the first report that actually had your name on it, was the great need for space. And this is only 5 years after the Guild addition.

Yes. We were in such bad shape when they built those new additions that it didn't take very long to fill them up, and we still needed more room. That's why we started working on getting the land from the BLM, and then going to see if we could get another big storage outfit and work area, because we had no more room around the museum. You couldn't buy up one of those lots around the museum or anything then; nobody had ever had money enough to do that, so we had to get a place where the land was cheap and where we could afford to do it. After I left, the legislature became interested in museums and getting started in Las Vegas, and so they put up the money for the big new storage outfit out there.

In your biennial report for 1966-1967, you once again took note of "deplorable conditions" in the museum and pointed out that space was cramped, work spaces were deteriorating and so forth. You suggested that for years the museum had tried without success to get adequate support from the legislature. When you pointed out in this report that you absolutely must have it, had conditions actually deteriorated beyond what they had been like before, or were you just using hyperbolic language in order to try to get some action?

Well, we just probably.. .oh, I wouldn't say we were exaggerating, but just whooping

it up a little more, I guess, to try and get the attention that was needed.

Two years after that, the planning began for the Calhoun Annex. Was that a result of this final and most vocal plea for some support from the legislature?

No, but it probably helped all of our...I mean, if we were pleading with the legislature, why, it also influenced the foundation some. It was just an ongoing campaign all the time. What finally pushed the Calhoun Annex over the top were mostly the judge's efforts, because he was the one raising money all the time and making contacts with the legislature and the foundation and anyone else that would listen to him for funds to do these things. So it's mostly through the efforts of Judge Guild that the funding for these buildings came about.

AN EXPANDING EDUCATIONAL MISSION

By 1966, the State Museum was designated as an educational institution by the federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW). Can you recall the circumstances surrounding that and tell me what impact it may have had on the museum?

Well, I don't recollect exactly the impact, but the reason we wanted to get that was so that we would be eligible for government surplus material. We thought we could use quite a bit of it in some of our digs. We did get some, but I don't recall just what on that. But that was the main idea—so that we would be eligible to request surplus material. We had sought for years to qualify the museum to receive federal surplus real property. This recognition indicated that we had met certain rigid educational standards.

Well, if you had been seeking for years and had not succeeded until 1964 or 1965, can you recall why you had failed until then, and what things changed?

Yes, we enlisted the help of Senator Alan Bible. A letter from the undersecretary of HEW to Senator Bible stated in part: "It is apparent from the information made available by the Nevada State Museum that its program is uniquely and exceptionally oriented to educational activities and purposes. Accordingly, I have determined that the museum is qualified to participate in the surplus real property program.

Politics is a wonderful thing, isn't it? [laughs]

Oh, yes. Yes, we had pretty good success with McCarran and Alan Bible. [laughter]

That year was also the year we put 36 portable cases out to the audiovisual departments of schools in Pershing, Humboldt, Lander, Elko, White Pine and Lincoln counties, and 3 of each kind to the Washoe County School District and 9 to the Clark County district. We were starting the portable cases to supplement the mobile museum—something that we could leave with the teacher, that the teacher could use for a week or so when she wanted to. We would gather them back at the end of school and redo them and repair them through the summer, ready for the school season next year. But on this year Clark County kept theirs because they wanted to use them for their summer sessions at the nature school at Charleston Park. We kept increasing the number till we had something over 100 cases out. The teachers were all real satisfied and real happy with them. Now, I don't know whether the museum is still carrying them on

or if they are just sitting down there in storage someplace.

To give you an idea of how the museum was expanding at this time (1964-1965), and the requests to the museum for the services of its staff, Pete Herlan made a biological survey of the Valley of Fire and a wildlife survey of the whole state for the state park department. We also gave 2 exhibits to the University of Nevada for its Great Basin Conference; 5 exhibit cases of silver and Virgin Valley opals for the Clark County Gem and Mineral Society, and a similar one for the Gem and Mineral Show in Reno; and we constructed 3 diorama cases for the Valley of Fire State Park.

From that list of items, it seems that the museum was getting more involved in creating exhibits for other agencies.

Yes, we were. We made exhibits for quite a few places around. We had some in the Ormsby County Library and I think in the library in Reno and various services like that. We were getting called on more and more all the time, and the staff were getting more and more requests to speak. Pete Herlan and Dick Shutler and Don Tuohy and several of the people gave lectures and talks to different clubs and organizations. It just shows the direction the museum was taking—expanding its services all over.

I understand that one of the services that you began planning in 1966 was the summer teaching program for junior high school students in natural history.

Well, it was just our interest in teaching. We had the staff there in taxidermy and exhibit preparation and so forth. I don't know just how students found out about it— word

of mouth probably; we didn't advertise or anything—but those who were interested could come in and work with the staff on whatever they were interested in. Most of it, I think at that time, was in the taxidermy and biology departments, except that archaeology always had volunteers working with them—whether it was students or just pothunters or what.

Did the museum benefit from the students coming in and working?

Oh, only in the publicity area, I imagine. It didn't actually help out our work very much. In fact, it did take some of the staff time to do the teaching, but I think it paid off in publicity and keeping the public interested in the museum.

Was that program still in existence when you retired?

Yes. By that time we had the docent organization going, and they were taking over some of this lecturing to students and different services like that.

The docent program got started quite late in my administration. I had talked it up quite a bit, but the board were kind of lukewarm, and the judge didn't like anybody else around much having say on anything. [laughter] I thought they could be a great help. The crew were pretty much against it. They thought they would just be a nuisance, showing them how to do things and having them try to help. So it took me a couple of years or so working on it before it finally materialized and got started. Of course, after they got going, everybody was pretty much in favor of it. They found out what they could do and that they weren't going to be just people underfoot.

NO SUPPORT FROM CASINOS

By the time you retired, casino gambling was very important in the economy of Carson City. Did the museum ever receive any assistance from the casinos in town?

No. Real early in the history of the museum I think it did receive some donations from Harold's Club in Reno. I can't remember whether there was anything out of Harrah's Club or not, or whether they had developed that big at that time.

Can you recall any support ever from the Nugget or from the Ormsby House here in Carson City?

Of course, the Ormsby House was quite late in my term up there. But they never have contributed, and the Nugget never would. Dick Graves started the Nugget there in one small area and then expanded and took in the Old Corner Bar, took in Ella Broderick's and the meat market and the grocery store that was there, till he had that whole block. Nugget never would. Dick Graves started the Nugget there in one small area and then expanded and took in the Old Corner Bar, took in Ella Broderick's and the meat market and the grocery store that was there, till he had that whole block. But they never did contribute to the museum either. It was always kind of a sore point with the judge, because some places like the Nugget probably benefited from the museum. So many people stopped at the museum and then came over to the Nugget. Lots of them in the summertime would stop there and leave their kids at the museum; then they would come over to the Nugget and let us babysat the kids a couple of hours! [laughter]

We never did receive much help around here for the museum, except when they first started. Then the judge had these buttons made to raise money, and the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts helped sell the buttons. Local fund drives like that helped to get the museum started, but after that there never was much help locally.

ACQUIRING V & T ROLLING STOCK

About the time the Calhoun Annex was being built, the museum began acquiring V & T rolling stock. I have no idea what led to its acquisition then and not before. Can you tell me how that happened, what the focus was?

Well, the railroad buffs were always campaigning for Nevada to save the V & T. Finally one year the legislature did appropriate some money toward that. We didn't particularly want the job, because we were developing the museum, and we didn't want to give our attention and money to some other project...and we knew that this V & T thing would take lots of attention and money. Regardless, the legislature turned it over to the director of the Nevada State Museum to acquire this rolling stock of the V & T with the money they had appropriated. When I investigated that, why, there was some rolling stock that was in good shape that the motion picture industries had used, like some of the engines; but the biggest part of the stuff was just stored in the yards of the companies where they had acquired it. Some had been used in motion pictures and wrecked, and a lot of it had just deteriorated through time and exposure to the elements and so forth. Most of it was in the Los Angeles area. We started acquiring that, anyway, and got it up here. We weren't able to do too much with the

money that the legislature had appropriated... something like \$10,000-\$20,000. We got most of that junk stuff and had it out here on the lot by Mound House for quite a while.

Had the legislature appropriated sufficient funds to do anything with that stuff once you acquired it?

No. We were just supposed to gather it up to preserve it. A lot of it was in terrible shape. You don't realize what a bunch of junk it was that I was able to obtain and bring up here. Of course, they were disappointed in that part of it. Afterward, they got to appropriating more funds and we eventually wound up acquiring some of the engines. They were able to obtain those 2 engines that were over in Salt Lake City that had been used for the centennial of the joining of the railroads. We acquired those, and I don't have any idea how much money the legislature has put up recently for all that. It must be quite a sum.

Well, apparently they put up quite a lot, if you can judge by the amount of work that's been done on it. Did Richard Datin, the current curator of the railroad museum, have anything to do with this? He wasn't even hired at that time, was he?

He wasn't hired until after I left there. Jack Porter was director of the museum at that time, and he acquired the V & T project along with the museum directorship. He hired Datin for this when they started putting pressure on him, giving him the money.

Was there any one person on the museum staff, while you were still the director, whose responsibility was the V & T rolling stock?

No, not any one person. The judge and I, as far as that goes, weren't too interested in doing it, because we didn't particularly want to get tied up with it. That's one of the kicks with some of the staff at the museum right now—that this Virginia and Truckee Railroad outfit is taking too much of the attention and the money of the museum. They figure it's to the detriment of some of the other projects of the museum. But, they have been doing a wonderful job on restoring all that equipment and getting it in shape.

AAM ACCREDITATION

In the last year that you were director, the museum was accredited by the American Association of Museums (AAM) I would imagine that was something you'd be very proud of.

Yes, it was. We applied for it, and eventually they sent up 3 directors of other museums—2 of them from California and one from someplace else. I had to take them all through the museum and tell what we were doing and why, and show them all our facilities and everything like that. Then they left and made their report, and we received the accreditation from the American Association of Museums. It was quite a feather in our cap for a small museum; several of the others around didn't receive it. San Francisco and Oakland had to make a second go at it, and we received it the first thing.

That was the first time you had ever applied for accreditation?

Yes.

What led you to apply for it then, in 1972?

Oh, I think there was quite a bit of publicity in the American Association of Museums pamphlets, and it certainly added credibility to our operation. It seemed like a very good thing, and the board was quite impressed with something if the museum could get it, so we applied for it. We had no trouble. I didn't make any preparation at all. I just gave it to them the way it was. The only thing that they found wrong that I ever noticed while they were examining us was the table saw blade was sticking up out of its table. They mentioned that, but I had to tell them that the thing was broken so that you couldn't lower it down there. We had a part coming for it, so that satisfied them. They were also concerned about the chairman of the board, Judge Guild, receiving a salary. But evidently I explained it to them right or something, because we never did hear anything more about it. But they did question that quite thoroughly.

You mentioned that securing accreditation was good in a publicity sense. Did any other advantage accrue to the museum as a consequence of its being accredited?

Well, not that I could ever see. And I don't know they've even kept it up, or whether there is such a thing any more or what. I left there, so I don't know whether it's anything of importance any more or not.

JUDGE GUILD, MAJOR FLEISCHMANN AND OTHER TRUSTEES AND STAFF

CLARK J. GUILD

I can't remember the first time I met Judge Guild. I knew he was there all the time when I was working for Tony Green building cabinets, but probably the first time I had any contact with him was when they called me into the office and wanted to know if I could finish the mine. They were having a board meeting there. I told him I thought I could, and so they gave me the go ahead. They had, I think, \$30,000 left, and they wanted to know if I could finish it with that. Well, in those days \$30,000 looked like a heck of a lot of money to me, so I said I could! [laughter] I had no idea if I could or not, because I didn't know anything much about museum work, but I went to work on it.

Judge Guild was kind of a square-set fellow, about 5 feet, 10 inches tall, I guess. He had only one leg; had a wooden leg on the other one. When he was a young man, he'd been a brakeman on the railroad that ran from Mound House down to someplace in California. At that time I think it was a

narrow gauge; they later made it standard gauge. But he was a brakeman, and he got caught under one of the cars once and lost his leg. So he had an artificial leg, and quite a limp with it. He used a cane all the time. Had quite a bit of trouble with that stump getting irritated. It was off at the knee, and I guess he had those phantom pains that they talk about. But generally, he was in pretty good health till the last few years.

The judge was quite opinionated and very abrupt. Their years on the bench, I think, affect a lot of judges. When they've been a judge a long time, they figure out their word is pretty much law. But the judge and I got along very good. He found out that I could do the work and that I knew how to do an awful lot of things, and I wasn't going to take the glory away from him; I always consulted with him on things. So we had no trouble at all. The judge got so that he called me his right-hand man and had a lot of faith in me. Toward the end there, he just came around and looked at things once in a while, and was very agreeable with everybody and everything.

After the mine exhibit was finished, there was only the 3 of us there—the building superintendent and the secretary and myself. Judge Guild was still on the bench then, and one day he wanted to contact the museum for something; I don't remember just what it was, but he figured it was pretty important. He called up and couldn't get anybody. I was off in the building...George Smith and I were working, and the secretary had gone someplace for a little while. Anyway, the judge blew his stack on that one and adjourned the court and come up to the museum. I think I was back in the Mammal Room then, and he come raring in there all red in the face. But I was able to explain to him that it just happened to be that the desk was empty for a little while; that we all couldn't be right there if the telephone rings all the time. So he calmed down, and everything was all right. And that's about the only thing close to an altercation that I ever had with him.

Judge Guild obviously had a great deal of success as a fund raiser. To what would you attribute his success in bringing money in to the museum?

His success was his years on the bench and the honor of being a judge for so long. People looked up to him. Then he was interested in politics, of course, all the time, and knew many of the politicians and legislators. Some of them didn't like him; others did. He was able to present things to the legislature down there and work with the right people, and he had quite a bit of success—not always. But he would seek out the heads of the different committees when he needed to and deal with them. Then he got Major Fleischmann interested, kept him interested so that he was able to get those

funds. The judge was always very interested in getting funds for the museum.

In those days you could build up an endowment fund, you know. A lot of museums did it in those early days and built up enough of an endowment that they had income coming from those funds to support them. It was always the hope of the judge that he could get enough rich people interested to collect enough funds that the museum could be supported from its income, and not have to go down to the legislature for funds and everything—be pretty independent that way. But it never did work out that way. Things changed and he never was able to raise the great amounts that it would take to invest for that much income. Then the conditions changed so that museums that had been able to get by that way were having trouble. It was a big disappointment to the judge that he never could attain that goal.

How much influence did he have over selections of people to sit on the board of trustees?

Oh, practically all...he having started the museum, gotten the legislature to obtain the building, and raised all this money and everything. He was the one that would appoint the people to the board. He would suggest it to the other board members, and they'd go right along with him on who to get. Of course, he would suggest people that had contacts in their business with monied people, hoping that they would have influence enough with these people to get various millionaires to leave a bequest to the museum when they died.

Did he have any notable success in that area?

Just one: old Carl Jacobsen over in Ely. He and his brother had built up quite a little fortune. He got Carl interested in the

museum, and when Carl died he left his funds to the museum, except some to take care of his wife until she died, and then everything came to the museum.

The way the museum is set up, the membership elects the board. But I think the judge maybe stacked that a little by getting friends as members of the board. For a long time there, there never was any great effort to have the membership have a regular board election, you know. Most of the board members there through the early part of my term were suggested by the judge and OK'd by the board, and somebody that was willing to accept the appointment.

The judge always wore a suit and tie. He came to his museum desk the same as he would dress if he was on the bench, and he always had a flower in his lapel. The judge spent most of his time up there in the front office at his big desk. He had this great big desk there and a swivel chair. Once in a while he'd take a stroll through the museum and see what we were doing.

Did he socialize with you or the rest of the staff?

He was always very sociable, but the only social part of it would be when there was a special occasion—a party at the museum, or some of the parties we had here with the staff—the judge'd be here. But we never did go out together anyplace or anything.

What would happen at lunchtime every day at the museum? That's often an occasion for some socialization.

Well, a few of the staff brought their own lunch, and others all went off in their own directions. The town is so small that most of them could run home for lunch at noon and come back again. You know, have an hour

for lunch. It was just a question of changing off on manning the front desk to answer any questions of tourists and help out that way on lunch hour. The rest of the crew just went to lunch wherever they wanted to go.

Judge Guild was involved with the museum from its very beginning, from 1939 up until his death. That would be a period of over 20 years. Beyond founding the museum and acquiring Major Fleischmann as a chief contributor, how would you say that he most influenced the growth and development of the State Museum?

Money! [laughter] If it hadn't been for all the money he got in there, we couldn't have developed the museum the way we did. Getting the money from the legislature and the foundation for those 2 annexes gave us all the room for the kind of exhibits we wanted to put in, and work space.

How much influence did the judge have over the kind of exhibits that went in?

Practically all of it was left to me after I got established there. I would talk things over with the judge, and if it needed any more discussion, he would talk it over with the board when they met. Otherwise I would draw up the plans for the cases and work with the technicians on how they were going to develop it, and let them go ahead and mold the figures and let the taxidermist mount the animals or birds, whatever we needed. Once you get the right people in there to do the work, you just have to line out the project and then turn them loose on it—somebody painting backgrounds in the cases, and others sculpturing the figures and making the foliage and one thing and another that went in there. And the judge'd come around and take a look once in a while.

MAX C. FLEISCHMANN

Major Fleischmann was a very little fellow and had very big eyebrows and tufts of hair sticking out of his ears that gave him kind of a pixie look, I guess. He was usually dressed in kind of uniform-type jackets. It wouldn't be just an ordinary mackinaw or anything; it would be more of a dressy kind of a uniform type, like you would have on a safari or something like that.

Major Fleischmann had pistols that he wore all the time, even in the museum. He was a.... Well, he was part of the governor's posse for quite a while, until...I don't remember what governor it was—Pittman, I guess. [Vail Pittman was governor of Nevada from July, 1945 through 1950.—ed.] He finally had a falling out with Pittman over something, and Pittman took him off the posse. So he got himself appointed as a deputy U.S. marshal, and every time they needed road blocks up at Lake Tahoe, especially when a prisoner had escaped from the state prison in Carson City, Fleischmann would set up his own road blocks up there and stop cars and search them. And he always wore his pistols on him.

On museum matters, Major Fleischmann dealt with Judge Guild most of the time. My contact with the major was practically all just through the making of the mine, developing that. He would come down from Lake Tahoe on his way to Reno and drop in there, go through it and discuss things. He was always in a hurry and very businesslike.

Did he express a personal interest in any of the things that were going on in the museum, other than the mine? Of course, he had contributed to the construction of the mine and so I would imagine that was the basis for his interest in that. Beyond that did he have

an interest in any of the projects that you felt were important?

Well, not particularly after we did the mine. He had had before that, but that was before my time when he had all those dioramas built and installed there. And even before that, when they were fixing up the building after they got it from the government, they had the WPA [Works Progress Administration] boys working there. He came down one day, according to the judge (of course, this was all before my time), and saw them standing around there like they did in the WPA days [laughter]. He was very disgusted with it and wanted to get his own contractor on there, so the judge said OK. So he went down and got Dressler from Gardnerville to come up and finish the job. He put him on the job and helped pay for a lot of it. But after I was there, after we finished the mine, he used to attend board meetings, but that was about all—he had no particular interest in any of the other exhibits or anything.

The major would come through regularly to check on the progress of the mine. He would give a suggestion once in a while—could we do this or that—but generally I would find that it wasn't practical and that we wouldn't have room for it or something else. We already had our plans of how we were going to develop it, so I would go right on as we were. Next time he came through, he was all satisfied with the way everything was going, and there'd be no more said about what he'd talked about before. [laughter] But I didn't find him to be a flitter head or anything like that. He was a very abrupt man when he was telling you about things, and wasted no words about it or anything. You could see his training as an officer in the artillery in World War I—that came through,

you know. He was very businesslike, and with all of his money, why, people didn't dispute him very much. He got his way when he wanted it.

You had a strong interest in research and education as far as the museum was concerned. Did the major ever show any interest in either of these things?

Well, the major was always interested in natural history, the animals and things. In fact, he carved out a mountain goat once. Did a pretty good job. But as far as research goes, he never expressed an interest in having the museum begin to engage in those activities. He may have talked it over with the judge or something, but he never did talk over with me any direction like that.

There seems to have been a rather strong association, at least in the early years, between this museum and the one in Santa Barbara. You used some of their expertise; Phil Orr was on the staff at Santa Barbara. You yourself went down there and were trained in a 2-week session.

That was all due to the major, because he'd been interested in that museum long before this one, and donated funds for it. When he got interested in this one, things came up. Like, when we needed the archaeologist, he was instrumental in getting Dr. Coggeshall to send Phil up here. And in our Western Speleological deal, Dr. Coggeshall was one of the directors on that. Of course, when it came to sending me away for some education, that's why they sent me to Santa Barbara. They were all impressed with the taxidermy work and modeling done there, so I spent quite a bit of the time with their taxidermist.

Did Major Fleischmann pick up the tab for sending you down there and for bringing Phil Orr up here?

It came out of donated funds, and some of it was the major's funds, of course. We didn't particularly keep the major's funds, or the foundation funds later, in a separate line, unless it was a donation for a particular thing like they did with the elevator for one of the buildings. But when they donated the funds for part of our operating expenses and salaries, it just went into our general funds that we had from all the other sources of income except the state. It was all kept separate from the state funds, but the board could then just use it for everything that was needed.

Were you able to observe how Major Fleischmann and Judge Guild got along with one another?

Oh, they got along pretty well. They had differences of opinion, but they always resolved them...nothing serious. Each one was a very outspoken man.

Well, they were both strong-willed men, as you've pointed out, and it would seem from what we know about their careers that each one of them would want to be in charge.

The major was putting up an awful lot of the money. They figured on keeping the major interested, and so his word carried an awful lot of weight there on things. If it was practical, why, they went along with the major a lot.

The only other thing I can add about the major was that he wouldn't have anything to do with art. Some of the art organizations

tried to get funds from him, but he would have nothing to do with it, and he didn't want the museum to get mixed up in any art at all. Didn't want to put up the money, I guess! In tact, he left that up to his wife. Her contributions were more toward charitable organizations and art. So the major kept his more to the scientific end of it, I think, on museums and education, library buildings and stuff like that.

After the major died, Sarah Fleischmann used to attend all museum board meetings. She was an honorary board member; she was interested in seeing that the major's interests were taken care of after he died. She used to attend the board meetings, but she didn't have any particular say-so or anything like that. I mean, she didn't come around where we were working or anything like that.

Following Max Fleischmann's death, the Fleischmann Foundation was interested in donating to the museum because they figured that that was the major's wish. That was one of the main reasons that they continued to fund the museum on various projects, like putting up money with the state to build the 2 wings there.

SOME INFLUENTIAL TRUSTEES

We've already talked a little bit about the fact that the judge more or less stacked the board of trustees. The board obviously had an important role to play in the development of the museum. There are a couple of names that come to mind immediately who were influential. Early on William Donovan was an important member of the board. What can you tell me about him and about his contributions to the museum?

Bill was a native of the Comstock. His father had the mines and mills there before

him; then he took over. When we came here, he was still running the mill in Silver City. In fact, when I first was up in Virginia City I rustled for a job at his mill, but he didn't have anything. Bill had quite a fortune, but he got mixed up with Errett L. Cord on that front-wheel-drive vehicle that he tried to develop, and he lost quite a bit of money in that. Then the Second World War come on, and old Roosevelt closed down the precious metal mines because he didn't figure they were essential. So Bill took his trucks and machinery and took on some contracts on building roads for the government. His old equipment wasn't up to the job very well, and there were breakdowns and one thing and another. Building roads was clear out of Bill's line, anyway, and he lost a heck of a lot of money there.

Eventually, the last years before Bill died, he tried to open up a mine in Gold Hill there, Silver City. It was an open pit mine that he was opening up there. The road came down on one side of the canyon, and he wanted to mine that over there on the other side of the canyon. So he went to all the expense of changing the highway over to the other side. It cost quite a bit of money, and then he didn't find the ore that he wanted to there. So by the last years of Bill's life, he was pretty pinched for money, he had lost so much. Whereas the first year or so that we were in Nevada, Bill paid the second highest income tax in the state of Nevada.

Did he have any special interest in the museum? Can you recall what he hoped would occur to help the museum develop?

Well, most of his interest was when we built the mine—helping out with that and getting the various machinery and other things that we needed for that. He never

did say much, but I think he was quite satisfied with the job we did on the mine. Bill furnished some of the equipment in the mine exhibit, and he got some from other mining outfits. They had done some open pit mining in Virginia City, and when they dug down with the shovels making the open pit, they ran into old stopes. So we got a lot of the old timber from there, especially. Like that caved-in set there where the timber's all busted—he got that from up there. Bill was instrumental in getting that for us. But as far as the rest of the museum.. .oh, he would always look and seemed satisfied with it, but he never evinced any particular interest in the biology or the archaeology or any of the rest of it.

C. A. Wellsley was on the board, as well, wasn't he?

Yes, Wellsley was on the board when I first went there. He was one of the first members from the early days. Some claimed he was a remittance man from England [laughter] and that they kept him over here to get rid of him. I don't know whether that was true or not. But he purchased the List ranch out here and built the big house and developed that. Then I don't know what came up—whether he went someplace else or whether he went back to England...got married.

His name is prominently mentioned whenever anybody talks about Carson City in that period—late 1940s, early 1950s. He obviously was a colorful local figure, and one that a great number of people knew about. As a member of the board of trustees, did he have any influence on the development of the museum?

Not particularly that I know of. I saw the man a few times, but had no contact with him

much. I'm afraid I can't tell you much about him.

A couple of later board members, whom I understand did have some influence on the direction the museum took, were Archie Pozzi, Jr. and Tom Wilson.

Well, Tom, of course, was an advertising man. He had the advertising deal in Reno there for years, and then with someone else he expanded to Las Vegas. But the way I understand it, that didn't do too well down there, so Tom withdrew and came back to Reno and just run his advertising business there. He was always quite interested in the museum, but Tom was a little bit frustrated sometimes, I think. He was always interested in getting the museum recognized more, in Las Vegas—figured that it would do the museum more good, you know, but it didn't seem to work out. I think that Tom probably helped develop some interest at the Las Vegas convention center so we could put exhibits in there. And he was always interested in getting more ties with the university.

Actually, Judge Guild never did want anybody to get too much control of anything. He wanted to keep all of it himself, I think. Most of the time when changes were being considered, he always thought, "Is that going to affect my control of things here?" So, I think Tom Wilson was quite frustrated sometimes when trying to carry out these ideas that he had. After the judge died and they made Tom chairman of the museum board of trustees, then he had a little more leeway on it. But I don't see that anything in particular happened, because they were already in the process of getting more Las Vegas people on the board before I left there. And as far as cooperating with the university, I don't see that that changed a great lot either.

As an advertising man, did Wilson do anything about changing the image of the museum or seeing to it that it was better represented and more widely known throughout the state?

Not in any advertising way, no.

Did he have any suggestions for changing the operations of the museum?

No. His deal was mostly getting the expansion of the museum to Las Vegas and so forth. Of course, that just didn't happen through those years, because the legislators weren't interested in a museum down there, and a lot of the people weren't. They had their historical society down there, and they were against it. They were not in favor of a branch of the museum there, because they figured it would interfere with their domination of it, I guess.

I told you about the judge introducing the bill there to make a branch in Las Vegas, and what happened to that. I don't see where things changed a great lot until the legislature finally did get some interest in it, because there was all of these museums and historical societies coming to them for funds each session. To the legislators it looked like kind of a duplication of services that they were funding. It had been suggested years and years ago that everything be consolidated, but nothing was ever done about it, until finally they did set up the Department of Museums and Historical Societies and put it under one head.

Tom Wilson was real interested in history and wanted to carry it on. Of course, he had the advertising approach to things a lot, but except for the fiasco on appointing the director, he did all right on everything. They got Roscoe Wright and Florence Cahlan and those people on the board, so he had a good board to work with on all of it.

There were a couple of other people on the board who were well known or perhaps had a large role in the museum. Was Archie Pozzi, Jr. an important figure on the board?

In a way, yes, because he was a legislator and he had influence. Archie wasn't on for very long before he resigned. His being a native of Carson City, of course, he was interested in the museum as a tourist attraction. He had that Pozzi Motor Company out there, and then was a legislator.

Was he able to get anything done in the legislature for the museum?

Just how much influence he had on things, I don't know. I never did hear the judge say anything about how much good Archie did. I imagine that he did have some influence, but I couldn't tell you just how great it was.

What about Sessions "Buck" Wheeler's contributions?

Buck was on the board of both the museum and the Fleischmann Foundation for a while. He resigned from the museum board because it seemed to be a conflict of interest after he was established in the foundation. Buck was mainly interested in the Indians and the archaeology part of it, and...oh, I guess you'd have to say Buck had some fantasies in dreaming up these things, but they weren't always practical to get them done. [laughter] Of course, he was always interested in the archaeology and that part of it, though.

Did he take part in any of the digs?

No, except to go out, like when we took the board out to Winnemucca caves and up

to Tom Layton's Last Supper caves. But Buck was a great friend of Peggy Wheat's, so he was interested in a lot of her work with the Indians.

There really were very few members of the board of trustees who were influential or affected the way the museum developed in any way. There were several good board members who usually attended the meetings pretty regular, but most of being on the board was going along with what was taking place and with the judge.

My understanding is that upon Major Fleischmann's death Julius Bergen became the most prominent member of the foundation. Of course, he was also on the museum board of trustees.

Oh, yes. You might say he had charge of the foundation, because he had handled the major's finances for so many years that he knew it from one end to the other. I don't think the other folks that were appointed to the foundation board had very much to do with the actual investing of funds or anything like that. I think Julius Bergen took care of everything like that. The board members' duties were to go through all the applications and then finally decide on those that they would find. Probably Julius had a lot to say about how much, because he'd know how much could be distributed.

Did he have a particular interest in the museum?

Well, to the extent that it was a baby of the major's and he wanted to do everything that he thought the major would like.

But you don't know of any personal interest he may have had in the progress of the museum?

No, not that I know of. He had enough interest that he made the suggestion that they had to have the elevator in that Guild wing, and they donated the money for that.

Mr. Bergen had been Fleischmann's secretary for much of his life, looking after all the investments and everything. He took over the foundation when that started operating, and he was the main one there. All the rest of them on the board just helped decide on allocating the money out from the various requests that they got it, but Julius Bergen did all the investing and keeping track of the financial part of it that way. He decided that he couldn't be on the museum board—that giving our board money would be a conflict of interest with his foundation responsibilities—so he resigned from our board. The judge would put in a request every year for so much to supplement our budget. Once, when we got the Judge Guild Hall built, we didn't have money enough to put in an elevator. Mr. Bergen said that the building was no good without the elevator there, and so they put up \$20,000 to put in an elevator. That was his idea. We didn't particularly ask for it right then, but he was interested in the museum, too, of course.

MEMORIES OF A FEW OF THE STAFF

When I started at the State Museum in 1948, they had 2 or 3 young people making casts to put up, and they had Debs Longero and George Smith working down in the mine putting timber in. They were just hired to construct the mine, but after I took over there and we finished the mine, I kept George Smith on as the building man. He did the janitor work and everything. Then we had a watchman on night shift and a secretary, Liz Dayton. We also had old Fred Buick there, who'd been with them ever since the

museum started and was sort of building superintendent at that time. He worked at taking care of the building.

Fred was getting real old and drinking too much all the time. I had to do something with him. One day the judge come up—he was still on the bench then—and told me that he had made me guardian of old Fred. Hadn't consulted me about it or anything. [laughter] So I had Fred to take care of, and.... The board decided to give Buick a little pension—I don't remember how much it was—and he had some social security, so I had to take care of him on that. I put him in a rest home out there in Pleasant Valley. Cherry Guild was running it then, but I couldn't keep him there! He'd go out and thumb a ride and come in to Carson City.

There was the Toscano bar right across from the museum where the bank is now. Old Fred stayed there some...drunk all the time. I didn't want him to stay there. The Arlington Hotel was on the corner where the Nugget parking lot is, right across from the museum, so I put him in the Arlington Hotel. Well, he couldn't control himself, and made messes when he'd come in drunk that way, and so pretty soon I got word I had to get him the heck out of there. The chambermaids couldn't take care of him and clean up the.... So they had what you call a "poor farm" out here at Clear Creek, where Fuji Park is now. I took him out there and installed him in that. When I put him in there we lost the social security for him and had to keep him there; it was the only way we could handle him.

I don't know why he drank so much. He just got to be an alcoholic, I guess. I don't think he did it in the early days. He lived in Elko then, where there was one of the first experimental outfits where they tried to extract gasoline from oil shale. Fred worked

for them doing that, as far as I know, until they folded up. They didn't make a go of it. They couldn't compete at the gasoline pump. I don't know when he came to Carson City. All I know is he was at the museum when I came, and had been with them since they started it.

* * * * *

Dick Miller was director before I came here. He lived out in Washoe Valley, where the Foresta Institute is now. Once the legislature was in session, and Judge Guild was holding court over in Fallon. So Dick went down and represented him at the legislature without permission! [laughter] That was the judge's job, and the judge, as I have said, liked to have control of everything! So Dick lost his job.

* * * * *

Tony Green was a thin fellow, a little taller than I was. He might have been around 6 feet, maybe. I don't remember. He never did seem very big to me, but he was a real good-looking fellow—had no trouble getting women. He stayed quite a bit out at the Flying ME Ranch, where the divorcees came to get their divorces. I never did learn how he had come to be the director of the museum. He was about 40 years old when he came here.

Were you aware of any particular skills that Tony Green may have had that would have made him suitable to be a director of a state museum like that?

No.

You've already talked about the fact that he was interested in having a zoo and not so interested in having that mine exhibit. Did he

have any other goals that you were aware of for the museum?

No. Not that I know of. I never did talk it over with him or discuss anything serious. In fact, I was just working there building cabinets, and it came as a surprise to me when they asked me if I wanted to finish the mine. Tony told them that I could, and so they put it up to me, and I took it, just figuring that that would probably be it. I had no idea that I would go on there.

* * * * *

It was because of Peg Wheat that we got on to those Lake Winnemucca caves. She came and reported them and told us about it so that we could go out and make the deal there. She and Susie and Willie from Schurz took Thelma and I on a trip once down south into Schurz, and they showed us various places where the Indians had petroglyphs all over the boulders. One boulder was quite a secret. We had to say that we wouldn't report it to anybody or anything. They called it a Doctor Pock. It was a prayer boulder—lava tufa with cracks and holes in it. The Indians would go there and put a little money in these cracks and holes—mostly pennies—and say their wishes or their prayers or something; and there were new pennies there, indicating it was still used.

Peg took us once to Walker Lake. We took a little trip up above the road there, where there was a bunch of boulders that represented the Indian legends of before the people came. The animals—coyote and one thing and another—were supposed to be their brothers, and this was supposed to be a meeting of all the animals that the Indians had this legend about.

Peg was real interested in all the archaeology all the time, but she was only a paid member of the museum staff as a part-timer once in a while when she'd go out on one of the digs or something like that. On the Tule Springs layout we hired her as cook; she cooked for all the 4 months we were down there on that. But that's the only time that she was paid. Otherwise, it was all volunteer on her part. The museum bought her a tape recorder and tapes, I think, and they gave her the title of associate.

Was she the first person to do any archaeological work associated with the museum?

Pretty much so, I would imagine, because she had been with them before I came there. She was from around Fallon; she knew quite a bit about all of it because of Hidden Cave and all that work out there. She never did pay much attention to working with the exhibits or anything like that. Peg was interested mostly in the live Indians and the field work.

When the ichthyosaur deposit was discovered at Berlin, Nevada, Peg came to the museum to get the museum interested in it. Dr. Charles Camp, University of California (Berkeley, I believe), was doing work there. Phil Orr was here at that time, so Phil, Thelma, my secretary Marge Hughes and I went out to investigate. There had been the large Dixie Valley earthquake the day before, and while we were standing on the ichthyosaur head that Dr. Camp had uncovered the earth shook quite hard with an aftershock. I reported to the judge and board what our taking over would involve. They decided the museum did not have the staff or funds to handle the project. Peg and others went ahead, then, enlisting the interest of legislators and had the

project placed under the state parks, which I believe was a more satisfactory solution.

* * * * *

I don't know just how Phil C. Orr got all of his experience. His folks owned a farm up in the Gallatin Valley in Montana, and I don't know where Phil took his early training. He was mostly a paleontologist to begin with. It was mainly after he got in the Santa Barbara Museum that he got into archaeology, too. And he did quite a bit of work around there on various sites that were discovered, and then he got interested in the Channel Islands—Santa Rosa, particularly—and did a lot of work there on those dwarf mammoths. The island had been connected with the mainland at one time, and the mammoths that had migrated over from Asia across the Bering Land Bridge had gone over on the island and then been isolated when the seas rose after the glaciers melted. With the lack of food, they became dwarf size. The elephants out there were only about 4 feet high. Of course, they became extinct. Phil did an awful lot of excavation out there, studying those dwarf mammoths, and wrote some pamphlets on that.

Then we got Phil Orr interested in the Lake Winnemucca caves, and he came up and helped excavate those. He did a pretty good job on it—not quite as scientific as some of them do nowadays on the excavation, but he gridded it out and kept track of the depths and took pictures of where things were found and made maps of the caves and just where they were found, and everything like that. He and 2 or 3 other fellows around had found on some of their excavations what they claimed were stones that had been worked by man, where some of the archaeologists claimed they were nothing but stones that had been weatherworn. He and the others were hoping

for a 10,000 to 12,000-year date on them, where Robert F. Heizer and all that bunch were saying it couldn't be over 4,000 years. All these college people pooh-poohed Phil and his group's work, and I think that kind of affected Phil some. One of the reasons that he wouldn't put out the publications that I wanted was probably because he was always so concerned that he needed more information and wanted to study more.

Phil was never actually on the State Museum staff. He was just on loan from the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, and they paid his wages all the time. Phil was just in Nevada for the summer months for those 3 years that we excavated out there. That was all, except when he'd come up for the Western Speleological deal with me. Phil and I usually did all the field work on that, as far as overseeing it and one thing and another. The judge and Dr. Coggeshall and all the rest of them were just board members, and they didn't go out any. We had 2 young fellows hired that were doing all the cave exploration in eastern Nevada, mapping all those limestone caves. Phil would come up and we would go up over to eastern Nevada and see what the boys were doing.

Phil was very interested—with Wally Broecker of the Lamont Observatory—in carbon 14 dating the various levels of old Lake Lahontan so that they would have more an idea of the rise and fall of this lake through the centuries. We went out a number of times, taking samples that way. We got the Fish and Game Commission to let us go over to Anaho Island and sample from the top of the hill on the island on down, on these layers. And we went up above Lovelock and followed the shorelines of the old lake clear back down to Fallon, all along there, making a survey to see if we could find any more caves like Winnemucca and Lovelock, but we never did

find anything but some small rock shelters where a hunter stayed overnight or something like that. That was about the extent of Phil's work up here.

* * * * *

Phil Orr was succeeded by Richard Shutler, I believe—succeeded in the sense that the next archaeologist to come in was Shutler. Did you hire Shutler, or did the board of trustees? Who was responsible for that sort of thing?

I got permission from them to hire an archaeologist. Of course, they didn't know anything about any of the archaeologists. They went right along with me on hiring Dick—took my word for it that he was all right. So there was no difficulty that way.

Had you considered anybody else at that time, or did you just decide that this was your man?

No, I didn't even investigate anyone else much. I knew a few of them around, but it seemed to me that Dick would be the best. He was getting started and would want to develop himself, and he seemed to be quite good at organizing things and developing grants from the National Science Foundation and so forth, which we needed. He seemed to be the logical one, and he was. He developed quite an ongoing program and had it going pretty good here, except I couldn't get money enough for him. [laughter]

When he came in, did the 2 of you sit down and discuss any strategy for the coming years? Did you have an agenda, in a way, that you were going to try to fulfill?

Only to organizing the department and then deciding on what sites to excavate.

Otherwise, once anything like that was decided, it was up to Dick to take care of it, hire the crew and oversee it. I would just go out and visit the digs once in a while.

Did he have any principal research objectives that you were aware of? Was he interested in certain parts of the state? Was he interested in certain periods of time? Was he interested in certain types of artifacts?

Well, he was interested in pushing the accepted time of occupation by the Indians here as far back as he could, of course, but that wasn't the overriding thing. The main thing was to get these sites excavated and all the information out of them so that publications could be made from it. We didn't particularly make any big site survey first, because after Dick came here there were so many sites that needed attention that we went right to work on those. There was plenty of sites to take up our time, because excavation amounted to just the summer months all the time here. After people found out that we were doing the work and needed it, then we started getting more reports of sites.

Dick never was very interested much in what Phil Orr had done, or being with him at all or investigating, talking it over or anything else. Phil only came up on Western Speleological business, and so they never did get together on any archaeology or anything.

As far as archaeology was concerned, Dick Shutler was an important figure in the development of the museum. And he could have been quite influential here, I think, with his ability to organize and get grants and one thing and another. But I couldn't keep him here with the low salary I could pay him. Then also there was the difficulty of his wife, Mary Elizabeth Shutler. She had a degree in anthropology, and she wanted to get on at

the university and couldn't make it. For some reason she didn't get on there, and they were a little disappointed about that. Of course, she wanted to leave here and go someplace where she did have an opportunity. I think that was another one of the things that contributed to their leaving here. Dick got the job in Hawaii, and they were both interested in the South Sea Islands and prehistory there—the migration to the islands, or how those islands come to be inhabited. So they grabbed that opportunity. Shutler's wife was kind of a part-time museum associate while they were here.

* * * * *

Peter Herlan was working for a concrete contractor here in town in the 1950s. I don't know how I got on to it, but I needed a driver for that mobile unit, and I found out that Pete had handled big equipment that way. So I approached him on coming to the museum and got him to take over the mobile unit. He did a great job on that, taking it around to the schools for the kids. Pete was one that'd jump right in at the museum and help put in the exhibits and do other things.

I found out that Pete had gone to the University of Washington, where he received a degree in biology. He even played in the Rose Bowl one year, on their football team. So as I developed a department of natural history, the biology department, why, I put Pete in charge of that, and he took over. He did a lot of the gathering of specimens for the taxidermist so we could build up the small mammals and the birds. He was real good in the field work that way. Then Pete got interested in butterflies, because nobody else was doing them, and he got to be known as one of the best lepidopterists around. He got quite a bit of national recognition, and even had a

crescent butterfly named after him. [*Phyciodes orseis herlani*]

Traveling around the state with the mobile unit, and then later on with gathering specimens and hunting, I don't think there's a road in this state that Pete didn't know. He climbed mountains and everything; he knew probably more about the topography of this state than anybody living around now. He was interested in everything like that.

Pete had a big sense of humor. The only thing is, he couldn't keep away from the drinking. It got so that, I guess, most of the time after he got off shift, he was hitting the bottle. He did quit smoking quite a few years before he died, but he'd also evidently taken on a lot of dust in that concrete work. He died of lung cancer right at the time he retired from the museum. He was going to have such a great time on retirement, wandering around the state and doing the things that he wanted to....but he didn't make it.

* * * * *

Donald Tuohy had known Dick Shutler in Arizona, I think, and he came here to work for Dick on some of the digs. On the Falcon Hill excavations, he was the dig foreman for Dick. We tried to get Don to go back to college and get his degree. Dick offered to help him all he could with the University of Arizona, and I promised him a job when he got through and came back. So, Don went down to Arizona. We figured he was going to school there, but I think Don had some kind of a mental block or something about college, because the next thing we knew, we found out that he was digging ditches in Arizona! [laughter] He never did go there.

After Dick went to Hawaii, Don went down there and worked for him for quite a while. Then I had to get another archaeologist

here. We had Charles Rozaire for a while, but we couldn't hold him here. He had more opportunity in Los Angeles, and he went back down there. It was pretty hard to get any archaeologist on the salary we could pay. I offered the job to Don, and Don accepted and was going to come back. We had it all set, and we had a date set that he was coming back. I waited and I waited, and Don didn't come. Then I found out that they'd had a big party for Don the night before he left, and he fell over a bank [laughter], and he was...I don't know, his legs or something was buckered up. I don't remember what it was, but he was in the hospital. So, I had to wait for a while before Don got here!

Well, did Mr. Tuohy have any particular research interests that he wanted to follow once he came to the museum?

No, he just carried on. He's done a pretty good job, I think, on getting things organized and doing the excavation that needs to be done. They haven't done any great projects too much any more. Oh, they had that one with that bunch of skeletons they found out at Fallon there, and they had a couple of small ones up there around Lovelock, but most of it has been archaeological surveys for the power company and things like that. But Don has organized all the things at the museum and has been getting out some of the publications. Don has done all right, but he's just not a real big pusher or anything like that.

* * * * *

Thelma introduced me to Howard Hickson. He and his wife were both artists, and she knew them from the artists association and shows around. I needed a curator of exhibits. There was getting to be so much

work there that I needed somebody to take over the exhibit department and manage it, because I had so much administrative work to do. Thelma suggested Howard. Well, Howard and his wife were staying over at her father's ranch in the south end of Reno, and Howard was selling insurance and doing contract art work on the side, and he wasn't interested in it at all. He didn't think so.

I said, "How about me giving you a contract on making an exhibit or two, and see how it comes out?" Well, all right, he'd do that, and so he came over and worked on it for a while. He got really enthusiastic about it, and found out what it was all about, and that he could put his talents to work there. So he finally came to me and told me that he liked it pretty well; he thought maybe he'd like the job. I told him he didn't have to worry; I'd already put him on a salary. [laughter]

Howard stayed, and he was real good at his job. He got right in and learned it, and was able to get out and take care of things. I sent him to Los Angeles to take care of all the details on making these wax figures for the Indians, and he took care of all of that and got them up there and placed in the exhibit and got the exhibit deal ready.

Tom Gallagher was on the board of the museum, and he was also on the board of the Elko museum. He and his brother had been instrumental in starting up that museum in Elko, and they needed a director of the museum up there. It got so big that it was more than just a volunteer layout, and they were getting money from Elko. Everybody up there was getting so enthusiastic about the museum. So, they figured that they had to expand and get a director in there to handle the whole thing. They did get one fellow in there that didn't work out—one of these with more talk than action, I guess. So, Gallagher at one time wanted to know about whether

Howard would be interested, and I said, "Well, you'd better ask him." They did, and then Howard came to me wanting to know. I said, "Well, I don't want to lose you, Howard, but you've got your future to think of, and I'd think pretty seriously of it. I think you could do an awful lot up there." So he decided to take it, and he really did a bang-up job on organizing it and expanding it, and it received national recognition. They finally got a lot of the Fleischmann money when the foundation disbanded, and they built the new addition up there. He has a lot of modern ideas and all that equipment for making videos and photography. Howard has done real well; I'm glad to see him do so well up there.

By the time you retired, the museum had a fairly large staff.

Yes, there was 21 people on the staff when I left.

Are there any others whom you think were important in the development of the museum?

Well, I think Marian Clayton could be mentioned, because she was my secretary for so doggone many years! [laughter] She married Guy Shipler, dean of the legislative press corps. She had been working for the state when I needed a secretary, and she came up and hit it off with the judge. Actually, he was the one that hired her. I didn't know her or anything, but she stayed on and was a very good secretary to me, and very loyal to me all the time. She would protect me from the board if there was any need of it. [laughter]

Was there ever a need?

No, not in particular, but she helped me out an awful lot and kept track of things so

that I knew everything. And then with the hearing loss that I sustained at the last, and couldn't get a hearing aid that helped me, why, she helped out an awful lot on the telephone. Sometimes on those long distance calls, I'd just have to call her and let her talk with the person on the other end and get all the information because I couldn't hear them.

There were so many good people on the staff over the years that I don't think we can mention them all.

THE DECISION TO RETIRE AND A SUCCESSION OF DIRECTORS

I decided to retire in 1973, partially because of my age and health. Naturally, I was getting older. I had been with the museum for 24 years, and I was right up in years. [laughter] And it was all administrative; there wasn't any joy to it like there was when I first went there and was developing the whole thing and getting right in and working with the staff, you know, and going out on digs and everything. Everything was administrative, and I was tied to the desk all the time. And all those years before, we had had all that donated Fleischmann Foundation money which the legislature couldn't touch. The board could do anything they wanted with it, and the legislature had no control over that. By the time I retired, the foundation had quit funding us. We were trying to get more out of the legislature, and I was not doing too well at it. With the privately donated money the board could do as they wished, and we'd decide on projects and we could go ahead and do it. But then it got so that everything that you wanted to do there, you had to consult 4 or 5 other

departments down in state government. If you wanted to make a little change in the museum building or do anything, you had to go through the personnel department, the buildings and grounds, the highway department and everything like that, and that was just too much for me to take. [laughter]

Did you continue to do any work for the museum after your retirement?

No. Some people have made a deal out of being a consultant or something, but I never did have anything more. The fact that they run into that big mess with Tom Layton as the director [laughter] really upset things for quite a while there.

Did you play any role in the selection of Layton as your successor?

No. I'd have to go back quite a ways on that to tell you what I think happened. When they set up the Desert Research

Institute (DRI), they had a meeting over at the university with our board and myself and a bunch of the university people. They also had several professors, scientists in. I think one was from Chicago, and Bob Heizer from Berkeley. Bob Heizer suggested that instead of trying to get an experienced administrator for DRI, that they get a young fellow out of college, who would be gung-ho for making a reputation for himself and really put it on the map. For some reason or other, that seemed to make a big impression with Tom Wilson.

About a year or so before I retired, we had, with Harvard University, co-sponsored Tom Layton to excavate caves in northern Washoe County. He found evidence there that the caves had been used by Indians that had eaten horses. He surmised that they had been used by Shoshone Mike—a renegade Indian with a small group of half a dozen or so that the whites were chasing that winter—so he called it the Last Supper caves. We took the board up there to visit that site and see it, and they were quite impressed with Tom and his digging and the archaeology there.

When I resigned, I think Tom Wilson remembered this deal about putting in a young fellow at DRI. He was impressed with Tom Layton, so he got the board to hire him, and Tom didn't know a thing about museum work or anything else. Tom Wilson was one that wanted control pretty much of things. Before I left there, he'd call me up at least every day, and sometimes 2 or 3 times a day, with suggestions on what to do.

He sounds like Judge Guild!

Well, the judge and I got along fine most of the time, as long as I let him have the honor. [laughter] So they put Tom Layton on that.

Before I left there, on Tom's dig the first year there, we set up a deal—we were going to make a documentary on a dig and just how to do it. We had the photographer take pictures of these trucks loaded up with all the gear, the takeoff, and then he went up there and stayed with the crews and took pictures that summer to make this documentary. The next year they were to finish the documentary, and that was the year after I had retired. Somehow they advertised all over the country, I guess in the American Association of Museums or something, that they would conduct classes up there, and students could learn how to take pictures and how to make a documentary of digs. Well, I don't know just what happened at the museum, but Tom Layton got a bone in his neck. He wouldn't let the photographer go up there, and he didn't show up.

A lot of these students had purchased expensive cameras to come out here for the course that year. There were students from Florida and Chicago and many other places around the country, and they were really upset about the whole thing. They were going down to the governor to raise heck, and I think Pete Herlan had a lot to do to get things calmed down up there some.

Tom Layton practically wrecked the whole museum. Nobody knew what policy he had or anything else. He couldn't get along with any of the crew, and he finally got the crew so upset they were figuring on going down and protesting in the governor's office. They finally had to let him go, the crew was rebelling so much. And the way he was acting—he even locked himself in his office and wouldn't let anybody in or talk to anybody! [laughter] The state personnel department even organized a psychiatric class or something for the museum staff after

it was all over with, to get them back on base! [laughter]

Peter Herlan was director after Layton. When Pete was director, he would come down to the house to consult with me and be very upset. Evidently Tom Wilson as chairman of the board of trustees was trying to run the everyday operation of the museum from his advertising office in Reno.

Following Herlan's retirement, Tom Wilson and the board of trustees got former Secretary of State John Koontz to be the interim director. So Johnny took over for a few months or something; it wasn't too long a time. All this time I'd been working on it year after year and getting maybe one new person on the staff each legislature, with the Fleischmann Foundation and other donated monies paying all other salaries. When John Koontz took over the legislature was in session, and he went down to the legislature and got them all on the state payroll! You know, a big Democrat and so influential. He'd been secretary of state for so many years, and he had no trouble at all getting them all on the state payroll. That must have been in 1975.

Koontz didn't want the job permanently, did he?

No. Not particularly. As soon as they could find another good man they got Jack Porter from back East someplace. He got things organized real well. And then when the legislature combined it all under the Department of Museums and History, like it is now, he took over that. He put Scott Miller in as director of the museum. Then he had some health problems—I don't know just what it was—and had to resign and go back to wherever he had come from. And so

they put Scott in as head of the Department of Museums and History.

Were you ever consulted during the process of selecting someone to succeed you as director?

No. No.

Do you have any idea why?

Oh, I think Tom Wilson was glad to get rid of me.

Had the 2 of you clashed?

Well, a time or two, yes. Oh, one time Tom had raised heck about something. I don't even remember just what it was now, but I wrote him quite a letter explaining it, and he didn't take too well to that. Then there was a little feud in the air at one time where the crew got a little upset, and Don Tuohy and one or two others were a little outspoken about the controversy. I don't remember just what all the problem was on it now. They were upset with the board on some way that they didn't think they were getting what was necessary for the museum. And Tom Wilson wanted to fire these 3 people who had been more vocal than anybody else on it: Tuohy and Pam Crowell and somebody else. [laughter] He wanted to fire them, and I wouldn't do it. The judge went along with roe and wouldn't do it. I got the whole thing settled down and quieted down, and nothing ever came of it. The judge didn't insist on firing them, and I wouldn't fire them, so Tom wasn't very happy about that. That was several years before my retirement.

It would seem from what you've been telling me that the conflict that you had with Tom

Wilson was a lengthy one and, apparently, a pretty deep one as well. Did that have any influence on your decision to retire?

Oh, to some extent, yes. It was evident that Tom and I weren't going to get along too well after the judge died in 1971 and the board of trustees had Tom as chairman.

But as long as the judge was alive, he would protect you from Tom Wilson?

Well, Wilson couldn't do very much. He couldn't say anything, because the judge having started everything, the rest of the board would always go along with the judge on anything. There was no chance of any one of them causing a lot of trouble or anything like that, and they knew that! But for Tom and I to work together, it just seemed like it wasn't going to be very productive.

Did Mr. Wilson have any coherent vision of what the museum ought to be?

Oh, yes.

Did it vary from your own?

He had his own ideas on it. He was an advertising man, and he thought that we should be much more involved with Las Vegas. He was kind of right there, but you had to get the money in the legislature to do it, and we hadn't been able to do that. The people in Las Vegas didn't seem very crazy about it anyway at that time.

There wasn't any particular effort at cooperation between the museum and the University of Nevada in the 1950s. In fact, the university didn't have any great amount of archaeological study going on at that

time, that early. Later on they did, and there was cooperation, but not then. I remember going over to the university a time or two for some reason, to see somebody, but I couldn't tell you now what it was all about. We went on our own pretty much, developing the archaeological program. When Tom Wilson became chairman of the board of trustees, he thought we should go all out for all this wonderful cooperation with the university and so forth. I thought—and I know the judge agreed—that if you get tangled up like that, the university's so big, with so many more people and so much more money, that they would just take over. You wouldn't be independent at all. In fact, that's one of the things that has happened to the Nevada State Historical Society to some extent. You've got several university professors that are doing an awful lot of the running of the Historical Society. We didn't want that. We'd want to cooperate with the university, but we didn't want to get so involved that they could take over things. But Tom could never see that. He was all imbued with the idea that it should be such a wonderful cooperation between the museum and the university.

Did he have any allies on the board of trustees?

No. Not that I know of. Didn't see any of them go along with him too strong.

What about in the university community?

To some extent. They would agree with him on some of these things that he proposed. The heads of departments and the university president would agree with him on cooperating, which was fine, of course. It was all right for them. They meant what they said: they would cooperate. And we

were willing to cooperate, but there's a limit to the cooperation.

* * * * *

In reflecting back upon the years that you were director of the museum, are there any particular triumphs, any major achievements that you would like to make note of?

Well, no. The whole thing was developing the museum, and to me everything was important—from the small things to the big things that happened. If there was anything at all, it would be where I was able to start up these various departments and bring in the research part of the museum, so that we could be of service and be more educational rather than just a museum with some static exhibits. That was probably the thing that I obtained the most satisfaction from. But the whole thing has been such a wonderful experience...developing it and getting it to kind of conform to the way I started thinking in the first place, especially not knowing anything about museums. I hadn't even been in a museum until I went in there to work on those cabinets!

What, had you avoided museums all of your life? [laughter]

See, they didn't have anything much around Montana in the early days when I was growing up, and after I got to bumming around, why, I never did go to a museum. I think the only one that I had ever visited was in our short stay in San Francisco when we went out to the De Young Museum. Of course, after they made me a supervisor they sent me to Santa Barbara, and I had a couple of weeks down there with the preparators.

I saw what they were doing, and then attending some museum conferences and talking to the people, that's where all the ideas developed. You would talk to people and get these ideas of what they were doing, and then come back here and adapt them to what we needed here or what we could do.

Well, the other side of this coin is frustrations and setbacks and so forth. Were there any that you can recall in particular that would be more frustrating than anything else?

Well, I suppose there was quite a few. One of the worst ones was not being able to get Phil Orr to do any publications on the Winnemucca caves. We missed out on some publicity there on an old date. Then Dick Shutler, after he had done that excavation on Falcon Hill, resigned and went to Hawaii. I never could get him to put out his publication, and that's one of the things that Torn Wilson was always giving me hell about. Shutler was such a favorite of mine to hire, and then I couldn't get this publication out of him that Tom Wilson wanted to see so bad on all that work at Falcon Hill. It never did get published until about a year or so ago. Don Tuohy got an archaeologist from the DRI to study all the material and make the publication. [The Archaeology of Falcon Hill, Winnemucca Lake, Washoe County, Nevada, by Eugene Hattori. Nevada State Museum Anthropological Papers No. 18, March 1982.] It finally got out, but I think that's after Torn Wilson died. Those are 2 big frustrations that I had, just getting those fellows to put out the publications on all the work we did and the money we spent.

Also, better salaries for the staff would have made a big difference in what we could have done, I think, and in hiring people and

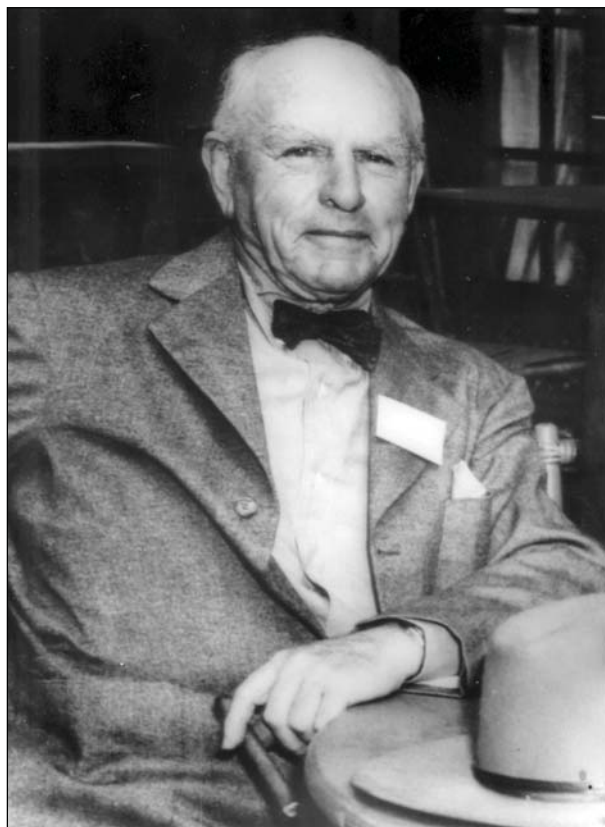
keeping them there. It would have taken quite a load off of my mind to be able to hire good people and keep them there. Quite a few times I hired good people, but we couldn't keep them! Dick Shutler, of course, but Pete Herlan was outstanding, too. You couldn't beat Pete for getting things done, and all he did, going around the state. I think he knew more about this state all over than anybody. Pete drank too much, and that's what finally got him, but he was a wonderful guy to have as a museum staffer.

Looking back on the 24 years that I was director, I doubt I would do anything differently. Most everything was decided day to day as we went along. Each was a job, and we did the job, and that was it. There wasn't any 5-year plan or anything like that. [laughter] I think it was more interesting that way, doing what we could with what we had.

PHOTOGRAPHS



Judge Clark J. Guild (r) and James Calhoun in Guild's Museum office.
Judge Guild founded the Museum in 1939.



Major Max C. Fleischmann, principal benefactor of
the Nevada State Museum, ca. 1950.



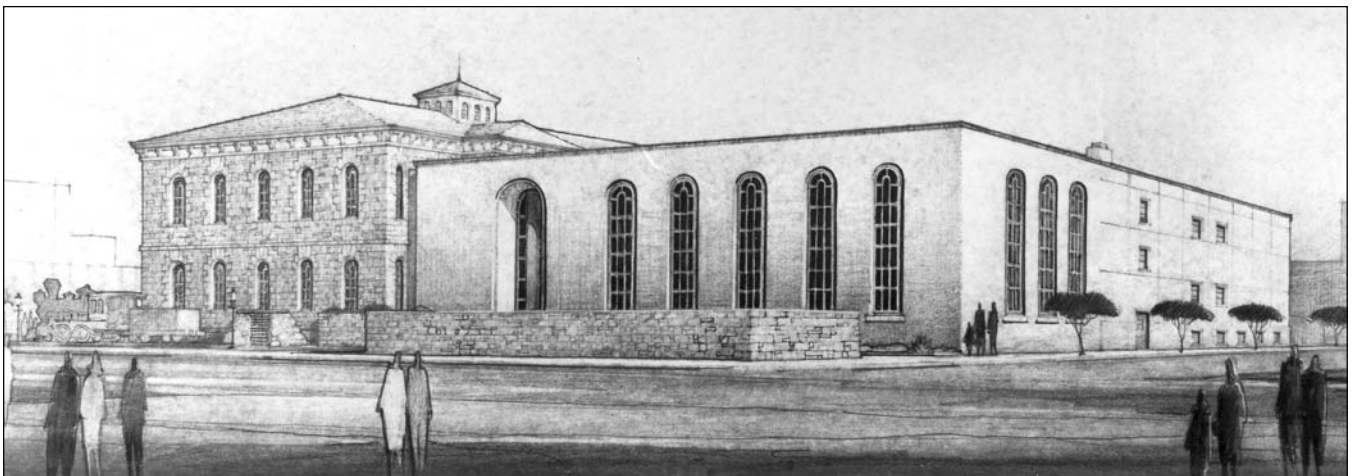
Measuring a prehistoric basket at Lake Winnemucca's Chimney Cave site, 1954.
l to r: Ernie Hovard, Phil Orr, James Calhoun.



The Museum's mobile unit visits Reno High School, ca. 1955.



Thelma Calhoun was for years the Museum's only docent. Here she paints a replica of the state seal on a Museum float for Nevada Day, 1966. Photograph courtesy of James W. Calhoun



Drawing of the James W. Calhoun Annex to the State Museum--Hewitt C. Wells, architect.

All photographs courtesy of the Nevada State Museum, unless otherwise specified.

APPENDIX:

THE TRUMAN-ORR FOUNDATION

THE TRUMAN-ORR FOUNDATION (WESTERN SPELEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE)

by Thelma Calhoun

The Truman-Orr Foundation, formerly the Western Speleological Institute, was established as a Nevada corporation for study and field work in the earth sciences in 1953. The purpose for its establishment was initially to fund internship grants to museums to enable them to employ university students seeking degrees in the earth sciences and museology.

Selected students would be employed by the museum during summer vacation, semester breaks, etc., and gain practical experience in cataloging collections, preservation of artifacts, field work, and related activities consistent with their studies.

Students applying for internships would be interviewed by Foundation Trustees, with the participation of the curator of the particular museum department involved.

The grant would be awarded to the museum for payment of salary and necessary increments to the selected student or students.

Such extra-curricular experience would very likely earn the student additional college credit upon arrangement with the University.

To insure some flexibility in the actions of the Board of Trustees, Section 11(a) of the Truman-Orr Foundation Articles of Incorporation outlining Purposes states: "to finance: studies, cataloging, and publishing of information concerning the earth sciences, including, but not limited to, geology, museology, archaeology, anthropology, paleontology, speleology, and related sciences."

Members of the original Board of Trustees included Judge Clark J. Guild, founder of the Nevada State Museum; Max C. and Sarah Fleischmann; James W. Calhoun, Director of the museum; Jay Bergen of the Fleischmann Foundation; Phil C. Orr, Curator of Archaeology for the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History; and Mr. O. H.

Truman of Hollywood whose philanthropy and interest provided the funding.

Its activities have included two years of exploration, mapping and development of Lehman and the many surrounding limestone caves in White Pine County, Nevada.

Archaeology, geology, geography, and paleontology of Santa Rosa, one of the Channel Islands off Santa Barbara, California, was an on-going project for fourteen years. It involved the dwarf mammoth (in situ 37 feet below the surface in elephant bearing horizons), as well as human bones with a radio-carbon date of 10,400 \pm 2000 years BP, one of the oldest datings for human bones in America (as of 1960)

Studies with submarine soundings of topography off Santa Rosa were made with the use of Velero IV, research ship belonging to the Allan Hancock Foundation of USC. Cave sites and sea stands were studied by visual exploration and aerial photography as well as wave cut platforms off the Channel Islands extending to the Continental Shelf. Similar studies were conducted on ancient Lake Lahontan in Nevada.

Surveys were also conducted from La Paz up the California coast enabling recordings of 53 unreported sites and villages occupied by ancient man.

All these, plus other activities, were accomplished under the auspices of the WSI, the Nevada State Museum, the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, the Lamont Laboratories, New York, the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Archaeological Research, and many other organizations.

Following the death or resignation of the original Trustees, Mr. Orr was responsible for the conduct of any work done, but due to his failing health, organization has been inactive for several years.

The remaining Trustees acted recently to change the name of the WSI to Truman-Orr Foundation to honor the two men most concerned. Mr. O. H. Truman for his interest and the original funding, and Mr. Phil Orr for his many years of dedication in directing the research. The original stated purpose, "to further research and study in the earth sciences" remains unchanged.

The current Board of Trustees are: J. W. Calhoun, President; Thelma Calhoun, Secretary-Treasurer; Don Carlson, Western Nevada Community College member; Bob Thomas, Assemblyman member; and Phil C. Orr, member.

March, 1987

ORIGINAL INDEX: FOR REFERENCE ONLY

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, they have been reformatted, a process that was completed in early 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

A

Adams, Eva, 153-154
 Alaska, 30-32
 Anaho Island (Pyramid Lake),
 115-116, 201
 Antunovich, Andy, 57
 Archaeology: archaeology/
 anthropology department,
 Nevada State Museum, 107,
 108, 120-122, 124, 128, 130,
 198-199, 202-204, 216-217;
 Falcon Hill, 130, 135, 205;
 Lost City, 116-119; petro-
 glyphs, 197-198; pothunting,
 98-99, 117-118, 119, 135-
 136, 139-140; Pyramid Lake,
 139-140; Tule Springs, 121,
 132-135; vandalism, 98-99;
 Winnemucca Lake caves, 98-
 104, 120, 152-153, 197, 200
 Atwater, Adrian and Jane, 65

B

Beatty, Clara, 109-110, 143
 Bergen, Julius, 105, 120, 126,
 193-194
 Bible, Alan, 153, 154-155,
 156, 167
 Bi-Metallic mill (Montana), 2,
 25
 Bordewich, Nancy, 96
 Bray, Mildred, 67
 Broderick, Ella, 64
 Broderick's bar (Carson City,
 Nevada), 64, 170
 Broecker, Wallace "Wally",
 103, 115, 201
 Buick, Fred, 195-196
 Bureau of Land Management
 (BLM), 99
 Byrne, Alice, 54
 Byrne, John, 54, 57-58
 Byrne family (Virginia City,
 Nevada), 54

C

Cahlan, Florence, 162
 Calhoun, James (grandfather),
 1
 Calhoun, Jimmy (son), 59, 67-
 68, 75
 Calhoun, Margaret (nee Hickey:
 mother), 1, 2, 3, 4
 Calhoun, Patricia "Patty"
 (daughter), 50, 68, 87
 Calhoun, Sara (nee Powell:
 grandmother), 1
 Calhoun, Thelma (nee Davis:
 wife), 35-36, 37-38, 40, 45,
 53, 55, 61-62, 63, 64, 67,
 68-70, 72, 73, 75, 86,
 99-102, 110, 118, 127, 164,
 207
 Calhoun, William B. (father),
 1, 2-3, 4, 9, 11-16, 70-71
 Calhoun, (James W.) family,
 38, 43, 44-45, 47-48, 61,
 62-63, 66-68, 72
 Calhoun (William B.) family,
 4, 11, 13-18
 Carson City, Nevada, 61; bars,
 64, 170, 195; city politics,
 69-70; and Depression, 63;
 fires, 65; floods, 65;
 hotels, 65, 195; housing,
 62-63, 66; population, 63;
 postwar house building boom,
 66; social life, 64, 71-72
 Carson City Council, 69
 Carson City Supervisors, 70
 Clayton, Marian, 209
 Coggeshall, Arthur, 99, 105,
 184-185, 201

D

Datin, Richard, 173
 Davis, Grant, 37, 39, 66
 Davis, Mary, 63, 66, 67

Davis (Grant) family (Carson City, Nevada), 66
Depression (U.S.), 3, 28, 32, 63
Doe, Milton and Ruth, 38
Donovan, William, 83, 86, 187-188

E

Education, 20; in Philipsburg, Montana, 4-5, 6
Education, Department of (Carson City, Nevada), 67
Employment (James Calhoun, 1903-1947), 22-34, 36-37, 39-43; carpenter work, 19, 60; construction work, 53, 59-60, 66; Forest Service, U.S., 9, 26-28; Great Northern tunnel, 29-30; house building, 66; house salvaging, 50-51, 52; mine salvaging, 57-58; mining, 23-24, 25-26, 28, 36-37, 40-42, 54, 57-59; rototiller manufacturing, 60, 65-66; salmon fishing, 30-32; saw-milling, 32; shipyard work, 39-40

F

Falcon Hill (Washoe County, Nevada). See Archaeology
Fink and Mahoney mining claim, (Jumbo district, Washoe County, Nevada), 54, 59
Fishing, commercial, 30-32
Fleischmann, Major Max C., 76, 78, 79, 80-84, 85, 88, 89, 91, 94-95, 99, 127, 148, 149, 178, 181-186
Fleischmann, Sarah, 186
Fleischmann Foundation, 95, 112-113, 120, 124, 126, 137-138, 139, 186, 193-194, 208, 210, 214
Forest Service, U.S., 9, 26-28

G

Gallagher, Tom, 208
Gaming industry, 170-171
Gould, Jay, 133, 134
Graves, Richard "Dick," 170
Green, J. E. "Tony," 75, 77-81, 196-197
Guild, Judge Clark J., 76, 79, 80, 81, 83, 84, 88, 90, 91, 95, 104-105, 106-107, 109-110, 111, 112-114, 117, 118, 119, 125, 127, 129, 136-137, 153-154, 162, 164, 166, 169-170, 171, 173, 175, 176-181, 182, 183, 185, 190, 191, 193, 194, 195, 196, 209, 212, 215-216, 217

H

Harrah, Jack, 23, 35
Harrington, Mark Raymond, 117
Hawkins, Katherine Mackay, 127
Heizer, Robert F., 104, 211
Herlan, Peter, 111, 115, 128, 138, 204-205, 213, 220
Hickey, Jim, 8, 23
Hickey, John, 8, 23, 28
Hickey, Tom, 23
Hickey (James) family (Philipsburg, Montana), 2
Hickey ranch (Philipsburg, Montana), 7-8
Hickson, Howard, 159, 207-208
Highway Department, Nevada state, 129
Hoboing, 21-22
Holley, Frederick "Fred," 94, 114-115, 149, 150
Hot Springs (Carson City, Nevada), 64
Hughes, Howard, 59

I

Ichthyosaur fossils, 199
Idaho-Maryland Mining Company (Grass Valley, California), 40-42
Indart, Pete, 64
Isbell Construction Company, 53, 59-60

J

Jacobsen, Carl, 84, 113-114, 138, 179
 Johnson, Ken, 64
 Jumbo mining district (Washoe County, Nevada), 58-59

K

Kendall, Zeb, 49-50, 54
 Koontz, John, 138, 213-214
 Kroger, Betty (nee Davis), 43, 61, 62, 66-67
 Kroger, Walter, 43-44, 66, 67
 Kroger family (Carson City, Nevada), 62, 66-67

L

Labor relations, 24
 Lahontan, Lake (prehistoric).
 See Nevada State Museum
 Laxalt, Paul, 64
 Layton, Tom, 211-213
 Lazarri, Bronco, 50, 51-52
 Le Blanc, "Bugs," 50-51, 59
 Legislative Counsel Bureau
 (Carson City, Nevada), 67, 70
 Legislature, Nevada state, 63-64, 65, 90, 118-119, 122-123, 124, 136, 151, 165-166, 171-173, 178, 214
 Lehman Caves (White Pine County, Nevada), 73-74
 Libby, Willard F., 133, 134
 Long, Walter, 92-93
 Longero, Debs, 82, 86-87, 94, 194-195
 Lost City (Clark County, Nevada). See Archaeology
 Lost City Museum (Overton, Nevada), 117, 118

M

Martinez, Tim, 64
 McCarren, Patrick A., 151-153, 167
 McCarren, Sister Margaret, 152

McDonald, George "Pinto," 30, 31-32, 33-34
 Melody Lane (Carson City, Nevada), 64
 Metz car, 11-12
 Miller, Dick, 196
 Miller, Scott, 214
 Mills, Mrs., 127
 Mines and mining, 45-46, 57;
 in California, 40-42; in
 Montana, 1-2, 3, 7, 23-26,
 28, 29, 36-37; in Virginia
 City, Nevada, 49, 54, 57-59
 Moorlight Mining Company
 (Montana), 23-26

N

National Geographic Society, 103
 National Science Foundation, 132
 Nevada Historical Society, 109-110, 141, 143, 145-146, 155, 162, 217
 Nevada State Museum (Carson City, Nevada): accredita-
 tion, 173-175; archaeo-
 logical research (see
 Archaeology); archaeology/
 anthropology department,
 107, 108, 120-122, 124, 128,
 130, 198-199, 202-204, 216-
 217; benefactors, 76, 78-79,
 80-81, 83-84, 87, 89, 95,
 96-97, 103, 104-105, 108,
 112-114, 120, 124, 126, 127,
 132, 137, 138-139, 143-145,
 148, 149-150, 152-153, 154-
 155, 156, 159, 170-171, 178-
 179, 181-186, 193-194, 210,
 214, 221; biology depart-
 ment, 107, 108, 111, 204-
 205; Bird Room, 149-150;
 board of trustees, 88, 106,
 112-114, 118-119, 120, 123,
 125, 131, 136-138, 162-163,
 164, 169, 179-180, 187-194;
 Calhoun Annex, 127, 129,
 166; coin press no. 5, 93,
 153-156; Dat-so-la-lee
 baskets, 146-147; dioramas,
 83, 149-150; docents, 159,
 169-170; Falcon Hill (see

- Archaeology); finances and staffing problems, 136-139, 178-179, 181, 210; general curator, 136-137; geology department, 107; Guild Annex, 124-126, 127, 128, 129; Gun Room, 75-76, 148-149; Historical Room, 95-96, 143-146; Indian gallery, 128, 159, 208; Lake Lahontan (prehistoric), 103, 130, 201; Las Vegas branch, 119, 161-164, 190-191, 216; Lost City (see Archaeology); Mammal Room, 149-150; mine exhibit, 80-88, 90-93, 176, 182-183, 188; mineral exhibit, 107-108; Mint Room, 153-156; mobile unit, 73, 110-112, 125, 204-205; moon rock, 157; operational philosophy, 106-110, 141-146, 166-170, 181, 210, 218; ornithology and mammalogy department, 114-115, 127; Paleontology Room, 150; portable exhibits (cases), 167-168; publications, 103, 104, 105, 121-123, 134, 207, 219; Pyramid Lake (see Archaeology); salaries, 88-89, 136-139, 214, 219; Senator Patrick McCarran Memorial Room (proposed), 151-153; space shortages/expansion, 123-130, 164-166; state seal, 156-157; summer teaching program, 169; taxidermy, 94, 114; Tule Springs (see Archaeology); U.S.S. Nevada silver, 141-142, 157-159; V & T rolling stock, acquisition of, 171-173 (see also Nevada State Railroad Museum); V & T Room, 147-148; vandalism, 92-93, 160-161; Winnemucca Lake caves (see Archaeology); zoo, 77-79
- Nevada State Planning Board, 125-126
- Nevada State Railroad Museum, 171-173
- Nugget, Carson City, 170-171
- O
- Old Corner Bar (Carson City, Nevada), 64, 170
- Orr, Mildred, 99-100
- Orr, Phil C., 91, 98, 99-100, 102-105, 108, 115, 120-121, 122, 135, 184-185, 199-201, 203, 219
- P
- Paiute Indians, 102-103, 139
- Peccole, William, 112
- Perkins, R. F. "Chick," 117-118, 119
- Petroglyphs, 197-198
- Philipsburg, Montana, 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 16, 35
- Phillips, Clayton, 112
- Pittman, Vail, 182
- Politics, 13-14, 68-71
- Porter, Jack, 173, 214
- Pozzi, Archie, 191-192
- Preston, Ralph, 127
- Pueblo Grande de Nevada.
See Archaeology: Lost City
- Pyramid Lake (Nevada).
See Archaeology
- R
- Ranching (Philipsburg, Montana), 8, 18, 19, 23, 25
- Religion, 1, 14-15; Catholicism, 54; Mormonism, 1
- Russell, Marge, 96-97
- S
- Sabels, Bruno, 130-131
- St. Mary's in the Mountains church (Virginia City, Nevada), 47-48, 54
- Salzman, George, 57
- Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History (California), 85, 98, 105, 200-201
- Seaman Manufacturing Company, 60, 65-66
- Senator Club (Carson City, Nevada), 64

Sexsmith family (Virginia City, Nevada), 53

Shaughnessy, Jack, 60, 61, 65

Shaughnessy, Mike, 111

Shinners, William, 130

Ship Bar, (Carson City, Nevada), 64

Shipler, Guy, 107, 209

Shutler, Mary Elizabeth, 203-204

Shutler, Richard "Dick," 108, 113, 116, 119, 120-122, 128, 130-131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 138-139, 201-204, 205-206, 219

Smith, Father Robert, 54-55

Smith, George, 94, 96, 177, 194-195

Smith, Herschel, 132, 133, 134

Sports and leisure, 7, 8-9, 10-11, 28-29, 53, 65, 72-74

Stewart, Bill, 69, 160

T

Tose, Cecil, 83, 94

Truman-Orr Foundation, 104-105. See also Western Speleological Institute; Appendix

Tule Springs (Clark County, Nevada). See Archaeology

Tuohy, Don, 105, 140, 205-207, 215

U

University of Nevada, 216-217

V

Virginia City, Nevada, 47-60; fires, 56; social life, 53, 55, 56, 60; tourism, 49, 55-56, 57; water supply, 56; World War II, effects of, 49, 55-56

Virginia and Truckee (V & T) Railroad, 57, 66; round-house, 60

W

Waters, Dick and Edith, 64

Wells, Joe, 112, 162

Wellsley, C. A., 189

Western Speleological Institute (Society), 73-74, 104-105, 184-185. See also Truman-Orr Foundation; Appendix

Wheat, Margaret M. "Peg," 98, 192, 197-199

Wheeler, Sessions "Buck," 159, 192

Wier, Jeanne, 143

Wilson, George, 107

Wilson, Tom, 112, 162, 189-191, 211-212, 213, 214-217, 219

Winnemucca Lake caves (Pershing County, Nevada). See Archaeology

World War I, 6-7

World War II, 49, 55-56; end of war celebration, 61-62; wartime employment, 40, 42-44, 50

